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By Herbert Ratner

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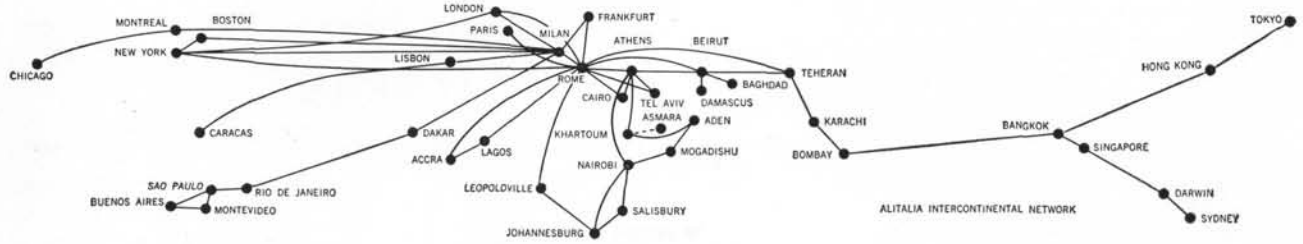

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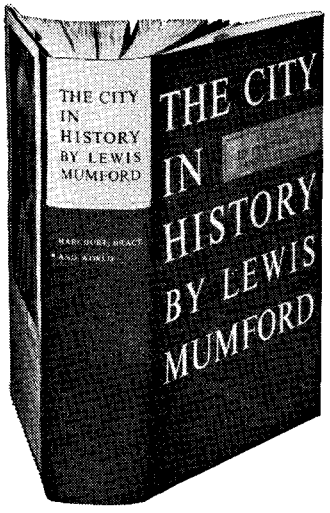

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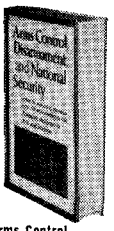

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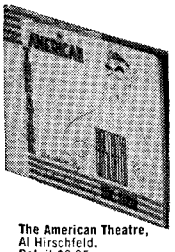

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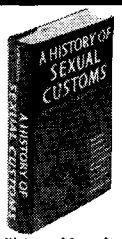

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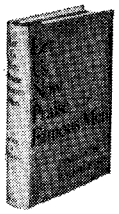

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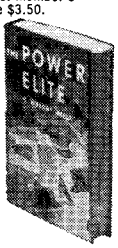

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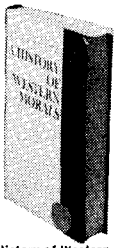

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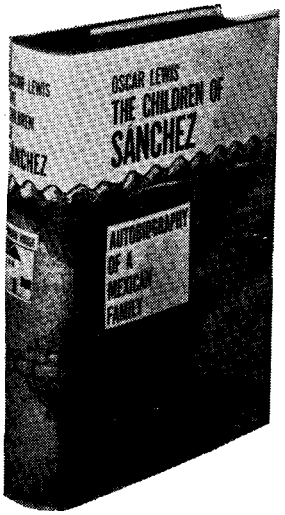

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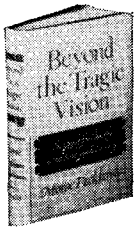

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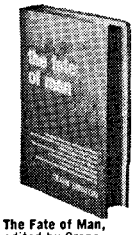

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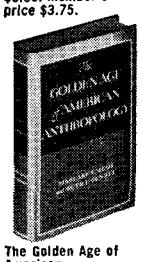

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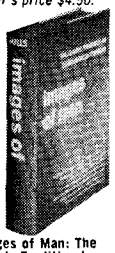

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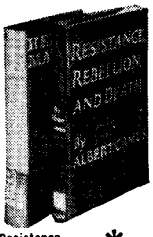

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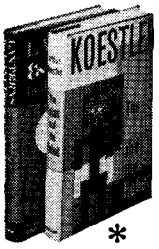

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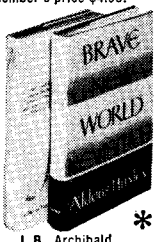

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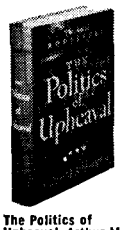

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A good historian, like a good novelist, adapts his style to the story he's telling. Knowing the facts and stating them clearly is always necessary, but in describing a nation's essential spirit, a historian may also have to be something of a poet.

That, in brief, is why I think Sir Arthur Bryant will be named among the first historians of the century. In his native England, of course, he already is: writers aren't knighted by accident.

In this country, Sir Arthur will be remembered for "The Turn of the Tide" and "Triumph in the West," the explosive histories of World War II based on the Alanbrooke diaries. He will also, I predict, be remembered for his new book, "Makers of England." Plainly enough, Sir Arthur is in love with his country; besides admiring its unforgettable past, he also is optimistic about its present and its future. Such an attitude, in hands as skillful as his, is productive of the galloping, image-filled history that's a delight to read.

"Makers of England," the first book in a projected three-volume series, starts out with the unpromising, not-yet-scepter'd isle as it was 5,000 years ago. Through a spare, poetic account of the bloody invasions that made the English, Sir Arthur sets the stage for the arrival of those magnificent, ruthless men who created a nation.

Fortunately, the 13th century, which ends the book, doesn't end Sir Arthur's story. Knowing the facts to come only makes me more eager to hear him relate them as he alone can.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Makers of England" ($5.95), by Sir Arthur Bryant, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your local bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 239 Pierce Street, Birmingham, Michigan.

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COLUMBIA RECORDS
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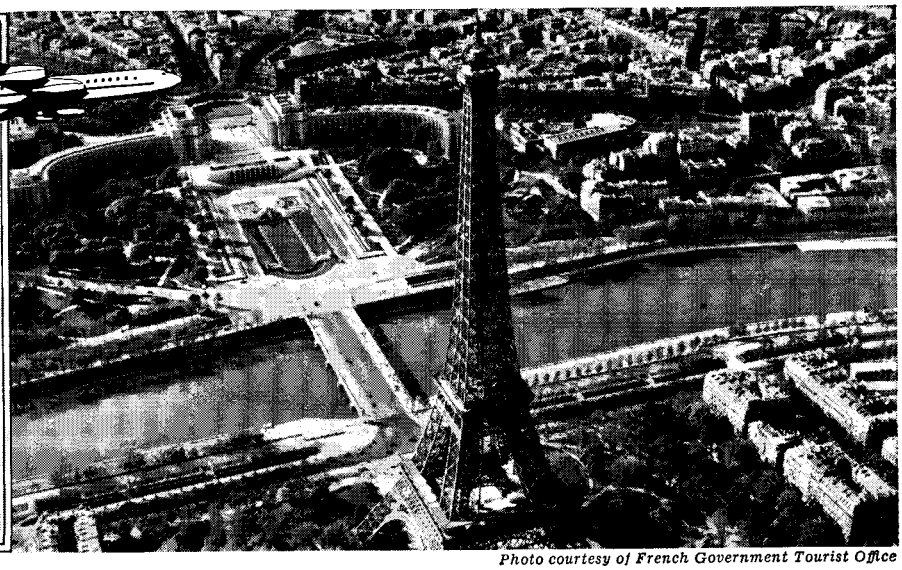
New Jet-Age Language Courses



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Edited by Martin Levin

On Parle Francais

PORTRAIT D'UN HUMORISTE

ONE day late in December of 1961 there appeared in *Les Novelles*, which is le premier quotidien de Tahiti, a fairly long interview with a visiting American writer. The interview was written by a member of the staff, Charles Petras. In view of the fact that the American involved was me, I was somewhat interested in the contents of the published interview. But I couldn't ask any of my Tahitian friends to translate it for me; that would be an act of gross vanity and I am a great man by reason of my inherent modesty. So one rainy day I sat in my house on the outskirts of Papeete and, with the aid of a small French-English dictionary, did my own translation. It went like this:

It is delicate by talk of one humorist. Of approach because often it assumes (to drink?) his humor with serious, and it seriousness ill-advised by treat of in the manner of frivolous one subject so magnitude. And further part, it not serious but little in putting no more to adopt a tone solemn for talk with a man who fully grown to joke with millions of readers. (French journalists have a hell of a time getting into their subjects.)

H. Allen Smith, who in his twenty-six books about the subjects the most miscellaneous, beginning out of journalism. For him this first career take him to, by everything, the same in the fashion of fame, with status protruding out, he is to do afterwards to obtain interviews small and grand with the world crowd including André Maurois whom it is developed one friend.

He to have toil fifteen years on the Daily Press of Huntington within Indiana, afterwards on the World Telegram in New York. It is in the environment journalistic that he collided his woman, one excellent reporter she the same, she accept with good willingly to wait on subject of famous humorist as husband, and to accompany it everywhere even to Tahiti. "For me to protect," she say, "of the temptation always present."

The tone of his reportings to have the talent not only of loosened interlocutor but also which make burst out laughing the audience in which the readers, and it became rapidly one of reporters the more in great demand in States United.

From such a point, to note down one first book, there was but one step, to jump over with gaiety in telling the adventures of "Little Man on One Totem" which in 1940 do circulate on the America the inspiration of a brilliancy of laughter.

Tahiti, according him, deserves good better and many more than this once glance in style of tourist, agreed it on rapid sight. "I will write on Tahiti one book genuine. It would have been sufficient addition of two weeks of observations of persons for write an article valid. But it not me sufficient pace. I am loving with Tahiti, and if I talk faulty, such a new passion."

Out of the rife of the first hour, the two weeks in Tahiti became four, afterwards six, on to three months. Even now he not figure on housing scheme. "I remaining perhaps to exist here until she people obliged to escort me to aircraft between two gendarmes," said he guffaw at.

A man so much write on Tahiti with matters solemn, undeceived wherefore using an expression gracious, haughtiness unlikely with his subject, treatise with humor, minus acrimony, such as without enthusiasm of visionary rottenness quite exist the book which the people await.

And, detail not negligible, the books of Allen Smith on the Mexico and the island Hawaii bring in these country many the tourists. It which pose a question mark.

Shall we yes or no let Allen Smith write his book?

Thus it ends, with a lyrical question. Mr. Petras, who is bilingual and by no means of a visionary rottenness, assures me that his article loses a bit in translation. —H. Allen Smith.

• • •

UNCALCULATED RISKS

NEVER drive an oncoming car, and never ride in one. Nothing good ever happens to oncoming cars. They are forever colliding with vehicles that travel in the proper direction, but out of control. At best, they are doomed to constant association with oncoming traffic.

This is one precaution that the National Safety Council and the various auto clubs have failed to list. Their experts have explored the science of unwholesome driving habits so intensively that they overlook the obvious.

For example: If you must drive a late-model car, do so inconspicuously. Late-model cars are frequently identified as underworld getaway cars, hit-and-run vehicles, and the last observed carriers of missing persons, usually espionage agents and embezzlers. Best bet is to drive an old car, even if the national economy totters.

It is also wise not to drive light-green panel trucks. I don't recall why.

In addition to hazardous vehicles, there is the matter of untrustworthy road and terrain features. Hairpin turns, for instance, are notorious troublemakers. If the highway hews to the shape of a hairpin, you may be sure it is treacherous. Avoid it and, if possible, blow it up.

Other snares to avoid: Boulevards with timed traffic signals. If you drive at precisely twenty-five miles per hour, you hit nothing but green lights and cars going twenty-two miles per hour.

South approaches to bridges. The word "approach" has a tentative connotation, indicating that highway officials aren't sure it will work.

Suspension bridges. Don't cross until reinstated.

Routes whose numbers include "13." If you are not superstitious, you may be sideswiped by someone who is; and if this cracks your rear-view mirror, you are in for seven years of you know what.

If you follow these tips, and those of the Safety Council, you will arrive safely, step out of your car, and instantly regress to the hapless stature of pedestrian. Then your only chance is to cross when the light is green and, if you are between parked cars, stay there. —A. C. Van Dine.

• • •

LUCK

The phone rings like a fourth alarm,
The car is gone—it might as well be stolen.
The food bills soar, we need a farm
The household population seems so swollen.

My wallet must have sprung a leak,
My tie rack's bare as is the winter bough,
Vainly my tools and books I seek;
I'm waked at night by roistering below.

Our living room is cyclone-struck,
The bathroom looks as if it needs a plumber.
It's nothing trivial, this streak of luck—
Our son's come home from college for the summer.

—Bradford Smith.

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE MOST staple dishes in the publishing world is the cookbook. Because of its steady and predictable sales, many a novel has been supported which otherwise would never have seen the light of day. Back when the late Alfred McIntyre was president of Little, Brown and Company, he would spend as much time working on the promotion of Fannie Farmer's "Boston Cooking-School Cookbook," as he would on the many best-selling giants on his list.

"Without Fannie Farmer," he would say, "we wouldn't be publishing half the fiction we'd like to." Then, with his passion for accuracy, he would add: "Fannie is not spelled with a 'y,' and 'cooking-school' is always hyphenated in the title. 'Cookbook' is one word. Everybody gets these things wrong." Since then, the publishers have dropped the hyphen and split the word.

Today, cookbooks are more proliferous than ever. Walk in any bookstore, and you can almost sniff a mélange of rum omelets, paprika schnitzel, Bouillabaisse Creole, and Steak Chateau-

briand bubbling out of the book jackets. Betty Wason takes you through history with her new "Cooks, Gluttons & Gourmets," tracing cookery from the feasts of ancient Greece up to a gourmet dinner at the Four Seasons. Ann Kilborn Cole takes you through the aromatic kitchens of Coventry Forge Inn in her new "Fine Food, Wine, and Pickled Pine." Two other new entries are designed specifically for the lazy cook. One is Lillian Langseth-Christensen's "The No Cooking Cookbook." The other is Peg Bracken's "I Hate to Cook Book" (spelled as *two* words).

WE CHATTED RECENTLY with Peg Bracken and are happy to report that her title couldn't be further from the truth as far as she is concerned. She's an able cook and, what's more, has a sense of humor about it.

"I think that title is going to get me into a real stew," she said.

"We didn't mean to get you into hot water," her publisher added.

"No," replied Mrs. Bracken, "but things are in a pretty pickle."

With this kind of badinage in the wind, we went on to design, with the author, a mythical new bookshelf of unlikely cookbooks which, we hope, will never reach the bindery. Among them are "The How-to-Carve Cookbook," designed specifically for surgeons. Then, of course, there's "The Viennese Torts Cookbooks" for lawyers; "The Salad Days Cookbook" for teen-agers; and one which only chess players would use, called "The Rook Cookbook."

At this point, a voice in the background muttered something about the idea of a book the size of a postage stamp, to be called "The Shrimp Cookbook," and the discussion mercifully came to an end.

JAMES M. CAIN, whose new novel "Mignon" is his first in ten years, blames his lack of productivity during part of that time on diet.

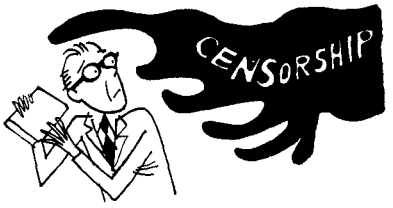
"I had been on a very simple, allegedly healthy diet for a good many years," he told us on a visit to New York. "But I couldn't seem to get off the ground in writing anything new. I finally changed the diet completely, and within two days I was writing like a house on fire. I know this sounds overdramatic, but it's absolutely true."

After the success of his "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Double Indemnity," Cain spent a few uncomfortable years in Hollywood.

"What was I doing in Hollywood?" he said, in answer to our question. "I suppose you could say I was swindling. My deal was an agent's masterpiece. My salary at the time was higher than that of the President of the United States. What sense did that make? I earned quite a bit of money then—or it would be more accurate to say that I stole it. I had some technique on structure, I suppose you could say, but not on plot. There's a considerable difference. They had plenty of plot out there, but were weak on structure. The problem is that once you're in Hollywood, you've got to give in. You have to be just the instrument of the director or the producer, and nothing else, and you have to be content with that. I wanted to be a novelist. A friend of mine wanted to be a playwright. Instead, he became an excellent screen writer. He gave up his one hope in order to do it. Anyway, I'm happy about 'Mignon'—and I hope a lot of readers will be. If it's a success, I can charge it all off to a new diet."

BARNEY ROSSET, of Grove Press, is still fighting the blanket censorship which has wrapped itself around the distribution of Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" in many parts of the country. One bright spot is the recent decision of Judge Samuel Epstein in Chicago, who held that the book is not obscene as defined by law, and that interference by the police should be enjoined.

Backing up the decision is a statement in support of freedom to read,



signed by nearly 200 leading American writers, critics, and publishers. Among the signers are Clifton Fadiman, Lillian Hellman, John Hersey, Aldous Huxley, and Edmund Wilson.

CENSORS SHOULD TAKE NOTE of a typical teen-age reaction to the Henry Miller fuss, a reaction we overheard at a drugstore counter recently:

"D'ya read 'Tropic of Cancer' yet?"

"Yup. Just finished it."

"Like it?"

"Thought it stunk."

"Me too. Only reason we read these things is because they don't want us to."

ALAN GARFINKEL, of Champaign, Illinois, notes with an ironical eyebrow that the marquee of the Oriental Theatre in Chicago recently blazed with the following sign: NOW PLAYING . . . THE CHILDREN'S HOUR—NOT FOR CHILDREN. JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1468)

BESS BIRDSALL:
THE GOLDEN YEARS

. . . Gray the sky
gray the rain . . .
Gray the hair and
gray the skin . . .
Tea and toast
toast and tea.
Turn off the extra lamp:
One is enough
for gray old eyes.

Leave the books handy—
dictionaries, Bibles,
Bartlett's, anthologies—
handy for gray hands
solving Double-Crostics.

The gold is there!

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Saturday Review
MAY 26, 1962

ARE AMERICANS OVERMEDICATED?

By HERBERT RATNER, *professor of preventive medicine and public health at the Stritch School of Medicine, Loyola University, Chicago, and Commissioner of Health of Oak Park, Illinois. From an interview by Donald McDonald, Dean-elect of the College of Journalism of Marquette University, one of a series in connection with a study of the American character by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.*

THE UNITED STATES is the best place in the world if you have a serious illness, but one of the worst if something minor is troubling you. This is only one of three striking paradoxes about American medicine, and they can be attributed to our failure to develop and maintain a sound, dynamic philosophy of medicine and to teach and practice medicine accordingly.

It is generally recognized that America is the most overmedicated, most overoperated, and most over-inoculated country in the world. It is also the most anxiety-ridden country with regard to health. As an action-minded people, we feel more comfortable doing something or having something done. Thus we impose our life-saving drugs and techniques, intended for serious ailments, on minor, even trivial, illnesses—illnesses that are self-limited and that, except for occasional symptomatic relief, do better without interference from a physician.

To put it in its broadest perspective, we make health an end in itself. We have forgotten that health is really a means to enable a person to do his work and do it well. Modern medicine—and I am thinking of patients as well as of physicians—is geared not really to health but to the hypochondriacal. Our preoccupation with health is shown by the medical columns in newspapers, the health articles in popular periodicals, and the popularity of the television programs and gale of books on medicine. We talk about health all the time. Yet, for the most part all that has been accomplished is an increase in imaginary illnesses. The healthy man should not be wasting his time talking about health; he should be using health for the work he is meant to do, work that good health makes possible.

Americans tend to look upon health, as upon so many things, in materialistic terms. They think of health as something that can be bought, rather than a state to be sought through an accommodation to the norms of nature. We have become increasingly a paying animal as if health were solely a commodity of the market place.

And here is a second paradox: we are the world's wealthiest country—yet one of the unhealthiest. We are flabby, overweight, and have a lot of dental caries, fluoridation notwithstanding. Our gastro-intestinal system operates like a sputtering gas engine. We can't sleep; we can't get going when we are awake. We have neuroses; we have high blood pressure. Neither our hearts nor our heads last as long as they should. Coronary disease at the peak of life has hit epidemic proportions. Suicide is one of the leading causes of death (fourth between the ages of fifteen and forty-four). We suffer from a plethora of the diseases of civilization.

Much of this situation results from our having forgotten nature. As an example take the healthy appetite. It is an extremely sensitive biological mechanism which, if it is not perverted or seduced, can protect us from overnutrition, undernutrition, malnutrition, avitaminosis, and other nutritional ailments, without the need of our becoming chemists, calorie counters, apothecary jugglers, or vitamin and food faddists. We also have muscles and they beg for exercise. But they don't get exercise in this push-button and car-transported civilization of ours. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, said a long time ago—almost twenty-five centuries ago—that use leads to health and disuse to disease and premature disability.

To Hippocrates, the first step in restoring or maintaining health in a person was *regimen*. In his famous "Oath" he expressed this with the word *diet*, which in his time had the general meaning of mode of life. He was concerned with the work, rest, eating, sleeping, and recreation of the patient. He had a sound approach to the whole

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person because he recognized and accepted the psychosomatic nature of man. He also knew that nature did the real curing. That is really why regimen was so important to him. That was his first line of attack. His second was medicinal. And then if those two failed, he turned, when indicated, to surgery as a final recourse.

But in the drama of medicine as it is seen by the public today, the surgeon is the top man. He is the one you practically enjoy paying because he is "doing something" to you, if not for you. He is doing things you can see and feel and talk about, and this is something that our activist culture can readily appreciate. We go to the surgeon first—too impatient to give nature a chance, even the chance to unfold her story.

The tradition of medicine, which began with Hippocrates, recognizes that nature is the prime physician on any case, and that the doctor's role is to work with nature, to assist, support, and minister to her. As a matter of fact, the very word "physician" is derived from the Greek *physis*, which means "nature." If I had to define medicine I would define it as the art of doing for nature what nature would like to do for herself if she could. The physician cooperates with nature's forces, which are ordered to health. Walter Cannon, the Harvard physiologist, in his book "The Wisdom of the Body," named these forces "homeostatic," that is, tending to maintain a relatively stable condition within the body.

When a person faints he falls to the horizontal position, a position that is curative. Nature accomplishes this all by herself. Now when a person feels faint, we usually get him to lie down. A doctor, if called in to handle a simple faint, has only to remove that which is preventing nature from doing her work. He unprops the patient who has been inadvertently propped up. Fainting is an instance where nature's homeostatic forces are working to get the patient well; these forces are an immediate counteraction to what has happened to the patient.

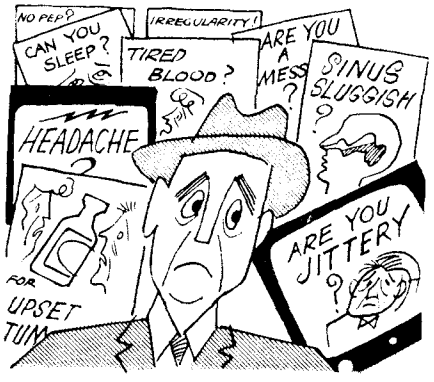
Another example: the body reacts to poison with vomiting and diarrhea as a means of getting rid of the poison. Now what does a doctor usually do for the poisoned person? He uses emetics and gastric lavages to empty the stomach, and moves in with drugs to produce diarrhea. However, a patient can be vomiting and having diarrhea with such frequency that he approaches a state of shock. The doctor, if he forgets he is only the assistant to nature and zealously takes over the stage, may so add to what nature is already doing well that he actually throws the patient into shock by the vigor he adds to nature's forces.

The goal of nature is health. When nature cannot accomplish this goal, the physician must take action, at times dramatic and radical action. But since so many diseases are self-limited, the physician has to develop the kind of wisdom that will enable him to keep his hands off when he should, or to tread lightly.

THIS kind of wisdom is becoming more and more necessary. In our medical journals now we are repeatedly finding articles on what is called "iatrogenic disease." Now *iatro* is Greek for "physician," and *genic* means "to generate." One medical journal recently devoted an entire issue to this topic of physician-generated diseases. Such reporting is a testimony to the honesty of physicians, as well as to their interest in getting papers published. Many more go unpublished.

One of the leading causes of dermatological disease, for example, is overtreatment; in fact, overtreatment may be the leading cause of dermatitis in this country. It goes something like this. A person uses a home remedy or patent medicine on a skin condition which more often than not makes it worse. The doctor who then sees the inflamed area tends to prescribe a stronger medication which results in a further insult to the poor skin. Then the dermatologist comes along and if he isn't wary he makes his contribution to the furthering of the inflammation. Now if it is true that more dermatitis is caused by overtreatment than by any other cause, and then, if, by fiat, no treatment were permitted for such dermatological conditions, we would achieve more cures than if we were treating them, even though there would be a small percentage of cases that would definitely benefit from appropriate therapy.

The way tranquilizers are often used today is another example of treatment for the sake of treatment. Together with the barbiturates and the stimulants, they are the most misused drugs in the United States. We consume them in fantastic amounts. For many they are used as a panacea to solve personal problems, and are practically replacing the function of the virtues in striving for a sane and well-ordered life. One of my former students, an internist then in the Air Force, told me it took him months before he found out why there were no tranquilizers available for some of his hospitalized patients. When a shipment came in, the medical officer in charge of this large Pacific post distributed the entire supply to all of the secretaries under the illusion that this would achieve harmony.



We are becoming a pill-swallowing civilization. None of them are innocuous, and the damage they do frequently far outweighs the good they intend. One of the nation's most respected clinicians, Maxwell Finland of Harvard, in a recent Shattuck Lecture which dealt in large part with the unsalutary effects of the antibiotic age, concluded his address with a most intriguing suggestion. He first called attention to a notice published in 1855 by the Massachusetts Medical Society: "The Treasurer announced he had received the sum of one hundred dollars from a member of the Society for a prize for 1857 . . . on the following theme: 'We would regard every approach toward the rational and successful prevention and management of a disease, without the necessity of drugs, to be an advance in favor of humanity and scientific medicine.'" Finland then followed with the proposal that "this theme, documented with acceptable facts, would be a most appropriate one for a future Shattuck Lecture. . . . " Perhaps it would be asking too much of pharmaceutical houses, which offer many association prizes for drug advances, to subsidize a yearly prize for the elimination of drugs.

I am, of course, fully cognizant of and full of admiration for the tremendous advances in medicine, whether in heart surgery or brain surgery, in antibiotics and immunizing agents, in psychopharmaceutics, in public health, or in other areas. These advances are translatable in terms of large numbers of people who in many instances would otherwise be dead. My point is that we are also increasing morbidities and anxieties. We do much for the dying but less for the living, and in some instances we directly convert the living to the dead by therapeutic misadventure.

Hand in hand with our failure always to give nature a chance is our failure to recognize the true role of

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the physician. Most medical schools, for example, are confused about their basic purpose. We do not know any longer whether our goal is to turn out physicians or research men. This is an age of research scientists. It is through them that the medical schools get their present glory and money. It is here that the ego of the scientist is satisfied by publishing papers. But today the medical schools are having a harder time getting applicants. We are losing them to the physical sciences where there is plenty of glory and lots of money and outer space to move around in. This is what happens when we compete with the physical sciences on the wrong grounds, when we fail to pose the inner man against outer space.

We forget, in the competition for medical students, that the true and chief function of the medical school is to turn out physicians, that is, artists, not scientists; professional men, not high-level technicians. We should appeal to students as humanitarians, not as technologists; as makers of health in the suffering rather than pursuers of truth in the laboratory, which calls for a different bent of mind. The difference here is between art (to make) and science (to know), and involves a delicate distinction, one easily misunderstood. It relates in its bad aspects to looking at people as guinea pigs rather than as human beings, as statistics rather than as persons.

The prime cause of medical schools' science orientation is the tremendous amount of research money which is available to them from government, foundation, and pharmaceutical sources. It is common knowledge that we have more research money available than we have worthy researchers and worthy research ideas, and this available money seduces. Research scientists, rather than good teachers and practitioners, have become the sought-after commodity for medical schools. This has all kinds of grave implications for contemporary medicine, which is moving away from the individual patient-physician responsibility toward the mass medicational approach, an approach that usually turns out to be mass manipulation by well-subsidized, overly committed scientists backed by powerful public relations departments of wealthy national health agencies.

THE confusion is now affecting the premedical curriculum, which we are shortening to make the M.D. degree competitive in time with the Ph.D. degree. But we are streamlining the educational process in the wrong direction by stressing the technological at the expense of the humanities. We have gone a long way since the famous reply of Sydenham, a great English physician, to Sir Richard Blackmore's question about what medical books he should read. Sydenham simply answered, "Read 'Don Quixote.'"

And so we have a third paradox: at the same time we pay lip-service to the concept that we have to treat the whole person, and at the same time we pay our respects to the psychosomatic complexity of the human person, we concentrate increasingly on test-tube and technical know-how courses and substitute sketchy survey courses for a true liberal arts education. We act as if in the cure of the sick human being—and remember the word *cure* comes from the word *care*—the highly technical, assembly-line medical center is superior to the private physician's office, and as though the mechanically sensitive laboratory procedure is superior to a humanly sensitive person, the broadly educated family physician.

Medicine is, of course, complex. I know of no generation of physicians since the time of Hippocrates that did not respect the complexity of medicine. It is true, also, that today we have more proximate scientific knowledge; for example, we know that a certain mosquito carrying a certain parasite causes malaria. But Hippocrates, who did not know about the mosquito or parasite, and had no microscope, had to master some very complicated knowledge in order to handle malaria. He had to know about swamps; he had to know about the winds (*malaria* means "bad air"); he had to know where to build a city in relation to a swamp; he had to know geography, geology, meteorology, and astronomy.

Today, we say we have to know a bewildering array of synthetic drugs, but if one goes back to the time of Galen and to the Galenic formulas up through the nineteenth century, one finds there was a multiplicity of natural drugs to be known then. Today we have to know more chemistry, but yesterday they had to know more botany—and they also had to know how to compound drugs.

Without additional knowledge, a contemporary medical graduate would probably flunk out of medical school at the time of either Hippocrates or Galen. Even in the late sixteenth century Harvey had to discourse for one full hour on any one of Hippocrates's aphorisms in order to graduate. Most of these aphorisms are deceptively profound. I don't think the modern medical student could comment adequately for an hour on many of them. In many areas of bedside medicine, his knowledge would be inadequate compared to that of the Hippocratic physician. For one thing he would be lost without a laboratory.

The modern medical school is really not much different from the veterinary school. It could, for the most part, just as well have the horse for its subject. There are only a few medical schools in the country that give a course in how to communicate with patients, for instance. I know of only one school that gives a course in the philosophy of medicine, that is, analyzing the nature of medicine in terms of its elements, causes, and principles. Hardly any medical schools, with the exception of an occasional Catholic medical

(*Continued on page 60*)

Why don't we just *order* them to make a significant breakthrough?

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FIFTY GREAT PHOTOGRAPHS MAKE A BID FOR SPACE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's cover and the following eight pages feature fifteen of fifty notable photographs on view at the Museum of Modern Art from now through the summer. These pictures, along with selections from other departmental collections, are part of a dynamic presentation dramatizing the need for a new building in which the full measure of the Museum's resources may be adequately displayed and enjoyed.*

Margaret R. Weiss, who covers photography for SR *and has written on many phases of the visual arts for magazines, radio, and television, here reports her impressions of this important show.*

By MARGARET R. WEISS

A VISITOR to the Museum of Modern Art's Sculpture Garden comes away from this atrium-like haven of towering beech trees and larger-than-life bronze figures with the impression that here space is not at a premium. But external appearances belie internal facts. And currently the Museum is launched on a continuing series of exhibits entitled "A Bid for Space"—a visual lever for the $25 million fund-raising drive for a new building to accommodate the rich art lode of photographs, drawings, design objects, painting, and sculpture presently lost to public view because of inadequate space.

The most recent of these exhibits brings into focus the Edward Steichen Photography Center, that part of the planned new structure in which the Museum's collection of 6,000 photographs now in inaccessible archives will be available at all times to public, students, scholars, and photographers. Here, a permanent photographic gallery with monthly exhibits, a specialized library, a laboratory, and conference and meeting rooms will offer facilities designed to make it a "center" in the truest sense of the word.

In a small second-floor gallery over-

EDWARD STEICHEN: "Henri Matisse" (at work on "La Serpentine" in his studio in Issy-Les-Moulineaux), 1909. This is the only original print in existence; the negative has been lost.

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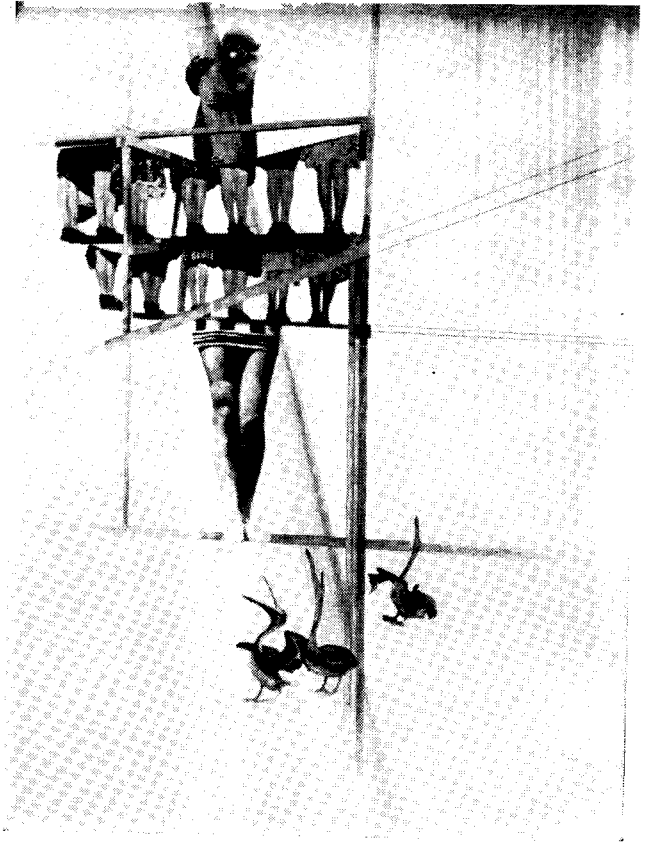


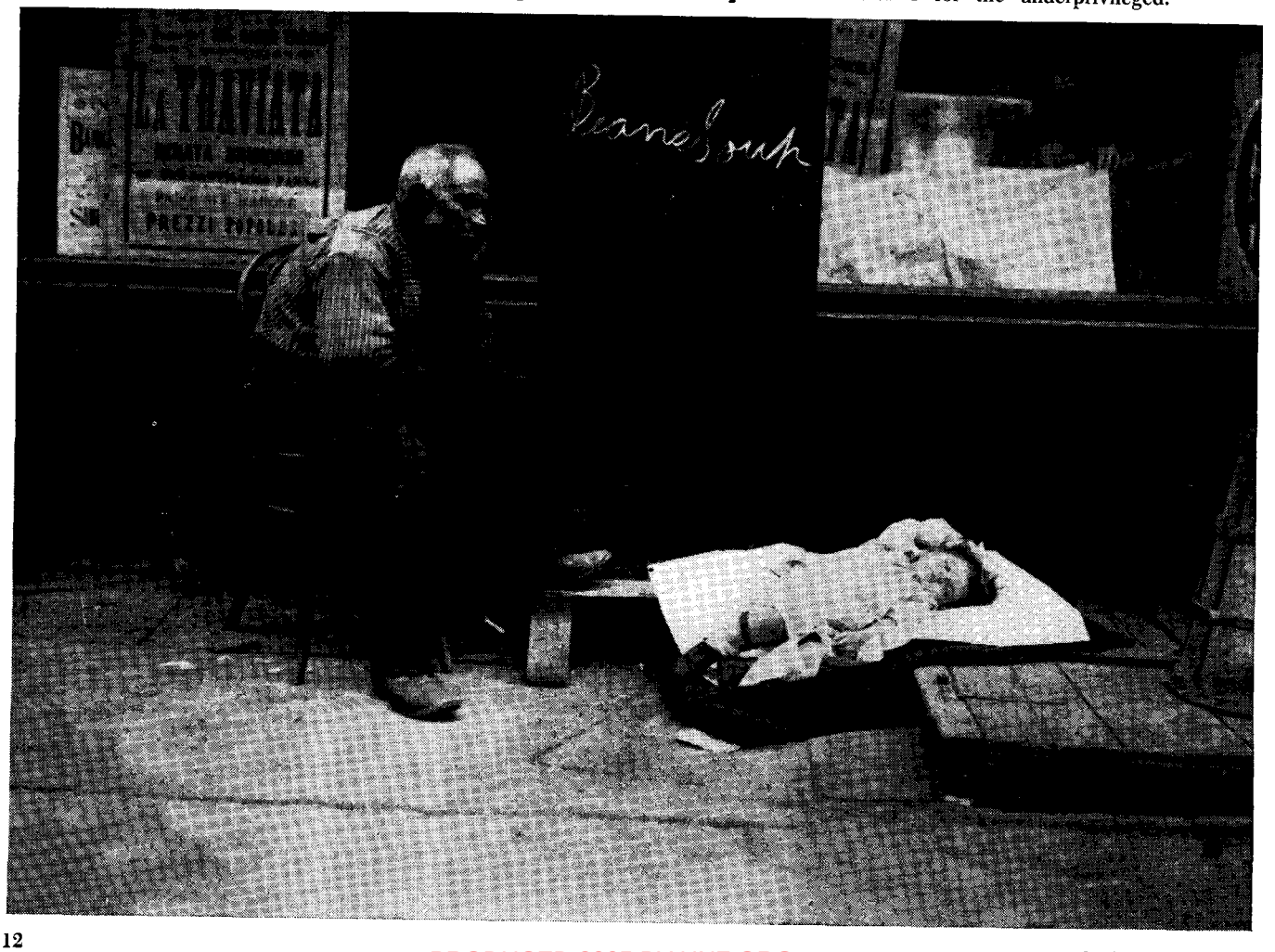
LASZLO MOHOLY-NAGY: "Structure of the World," 1926. A Bauhaus pioneer in abstract and applied photography, Moholy-Nagy's experiments with light and the photographic image had world-wide influence on graphic art and design.

looking the open expanse of the Sculpture Garden, fifty photographs selected from the great Museum collection by Grace M. Mayer, Associate Curator of the Photography Department, are making their bid for space. It is an exhibit that should impress even the most casual viewer as a study in the fine art of selection. For this small sampling of outstanding prints is remarkably effective in epitomizing photography's heritage over a span of more than a century.

Miss Mayer makes her method of accomplishing this feat sound disarmingly simple: "All the photographs from which the final fifty were selected are 'great' photographs. It was just a matter of representing all phases of the collection, getting a well-rounded selection of many different types and techniques, covering the widest possible period of time, including works that have never before been shown or have not been exhibited for many years, and incorporating both old and new acquisitions."

As a result, the gallery walls display portraits, landscapes, abstractions, re-

LEWIS W. HINE: "This is as near the ocean as this baby gets" (New York East Side), 1910. Teacher and sociologist Hine used documentary photos like this to spark social reforms for the underprivileged.



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PAUL STRAND: "The Family" (in Luzzara, Italy), 1953. From abstract studies of the city scene and industrial machinery, Strand turned in later work to poignant poetic interpretations of people. But he still prefers photographing his subjects against walls, under the open sky.

FREDERICK SOMMER: "Smoke on Cellophane #1," 1961. Sommer reveals only this much about his technique: "prints from smoke negatives made by transferring candle smoke deposited on glass to cellophane—enlarged from 3x4 negatives."

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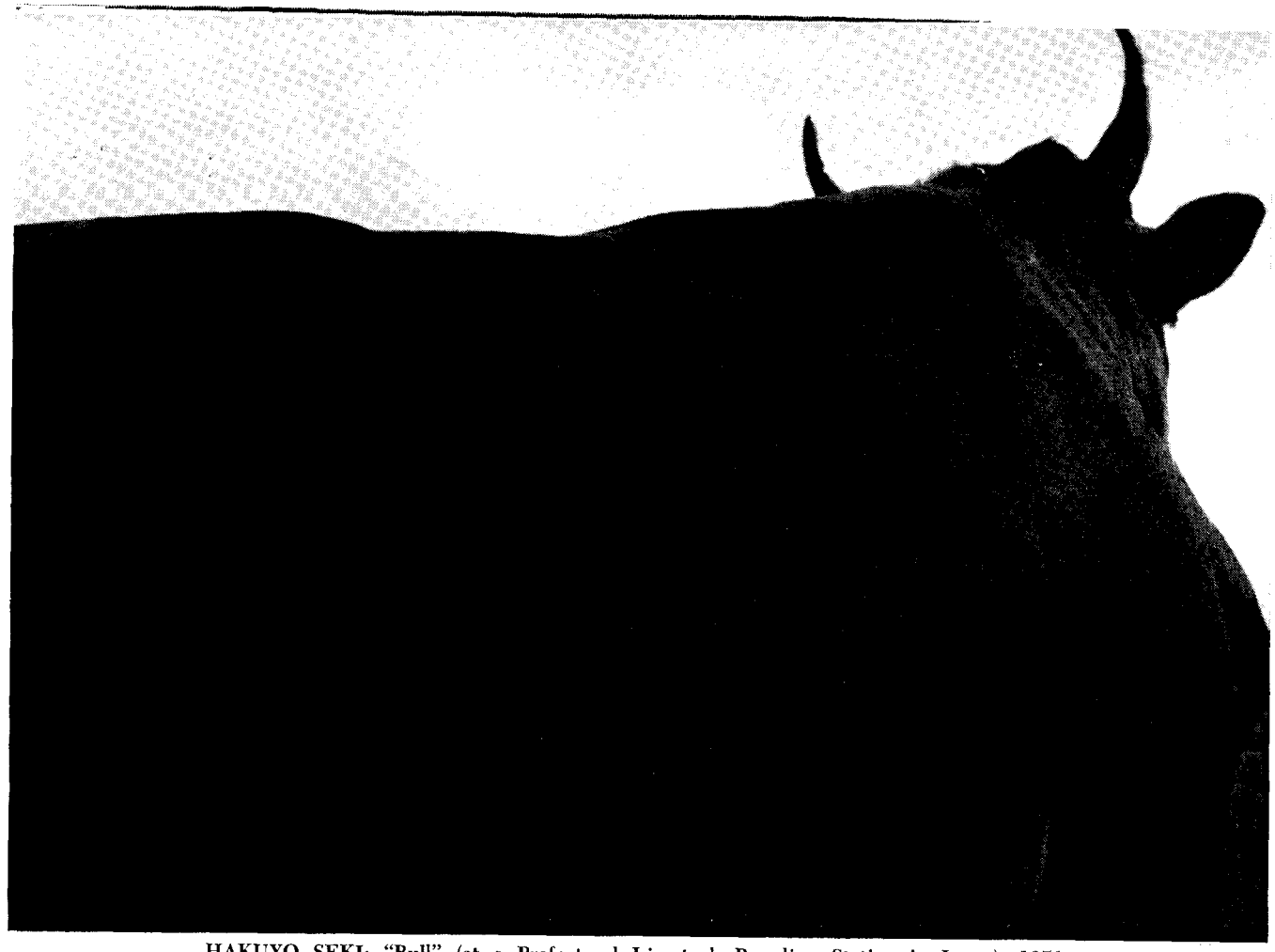

HAKUYO SEKI: "Bull" (at a Prefectural Livestock Breeding Station in Japan), 1951. Specializing in portraiture, Seki found this too large and tempting a subject to overlook.

JOHN SZARKOWSKI: "Column Capital," The Guaranty (Prudential) Building, Buffalo, 1952. Mr. Szarkowski, author of "The Idea of Louis Sullivan," in which this photo appears, will become Director of the Museum of Modern Art's Photography Department on July 1.

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portage, and photomontage—in black-and-white and color—by fifty photographers whose nationalities include American, Austrian, English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, and Swiss. Chronologically, the pictures range from an 1852 photograph of "Clock Tower, Chartres" by Henry Le Secq to Frederick Sommer's "Smoke on Cellophane #1," made in 1961—with all the decades in between well represented. Viewed as a whole, the show reveals both the infinite adaptability of the photographic process and the degree to which it has extended the range of human vision beyond the imagining of artist and scientist alike.

Sensitive portraits – Steichen's soft-focus study of Matisse, Ruth Bernhard's "Hall Johnson" (which appears on the cover of this issue), Julia Margaret Cameron's out-of-focus close-up of the astronomer Herschel—contrast with the more dispassionate abstractions of Gyorgy Kepes, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, and Harry Callahan. The gay whimsy of Mary Ann Dorr's "Metal Chairs Do a Butterfly Dance in the Sunlight" and the sparkling freshness of P. H. Emerson's East Anglia boating scene are juxtaposed with the grim sunless slums documented by Jacob Riis and Lewis Hine and Bill Brandt. The photojournalistic approach of Cartier-Bresson is one that sees quickly and to the point, with no time for the long studied look or countless exposures and experiments; the "seeing-eye" technique of Weston or Adams, Lennart Olson or Tina Modotti, makes sensuous contact with nature, lingering over the microcosm of a single form—a rose, a shell, a pine cone, an eroded rock, a tree—until it stands out as a monumental universal symbol.

How successful these various techniques have been may be measured not only by purely aesthetic criteria. More telling by far is the profound effect many of their practitioners have had on the world around them. The documentary reportage of Riis and Hine was a compelling prod to reforms in housing and in child-labor and immigration legislation. Like Voltaire's pamphlets, their pictures triggered a turn-of-the-century revolution that bettered the living and working conditions of a large segment of the population. Protective child-labor laws were instituted and enforced, tenant schools were established, rear tenements destroyed, and the treatment of the new immigrant improved. The photographic work of William Henry Jackson was directly responsible for the preservation of Yellowstone as a national park; the bold early experiments of Moholy-Nagy made this moving spirit in Bauhaus photography one of the strongest influences on modern graphic design all over the world.

In pre-World War I Paris, Eugène Atget presented his work as "authentic documents for artists," and its effect may be seen in the Surrealists and in Braque and Utrillo—all of whom regularly purchased photographs from him. Edward Weston, admittedly under the influence of abstract art himself, in turn affected the art world through his camera technique of using the extreme close-up to capture "the quintessence of the object or element before my lens, rather than an interpretation, a superficial phase or passing mood." By 1930, Orozco was so deeply impressed by this photographic rendition of natural forms that he arranged Weston's first New York one-man show. And Rivera, never a man easily moved to

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON: "Hyeres" (France), 1932. This photojournalist's credo: "To me, photography is the simultaneous recognition in a fraction of a second of the significance of an event, as well as the precise organization of forms that give that event its proper expression. . . . Visual organization can stem only from a developed instinct, from intuition."

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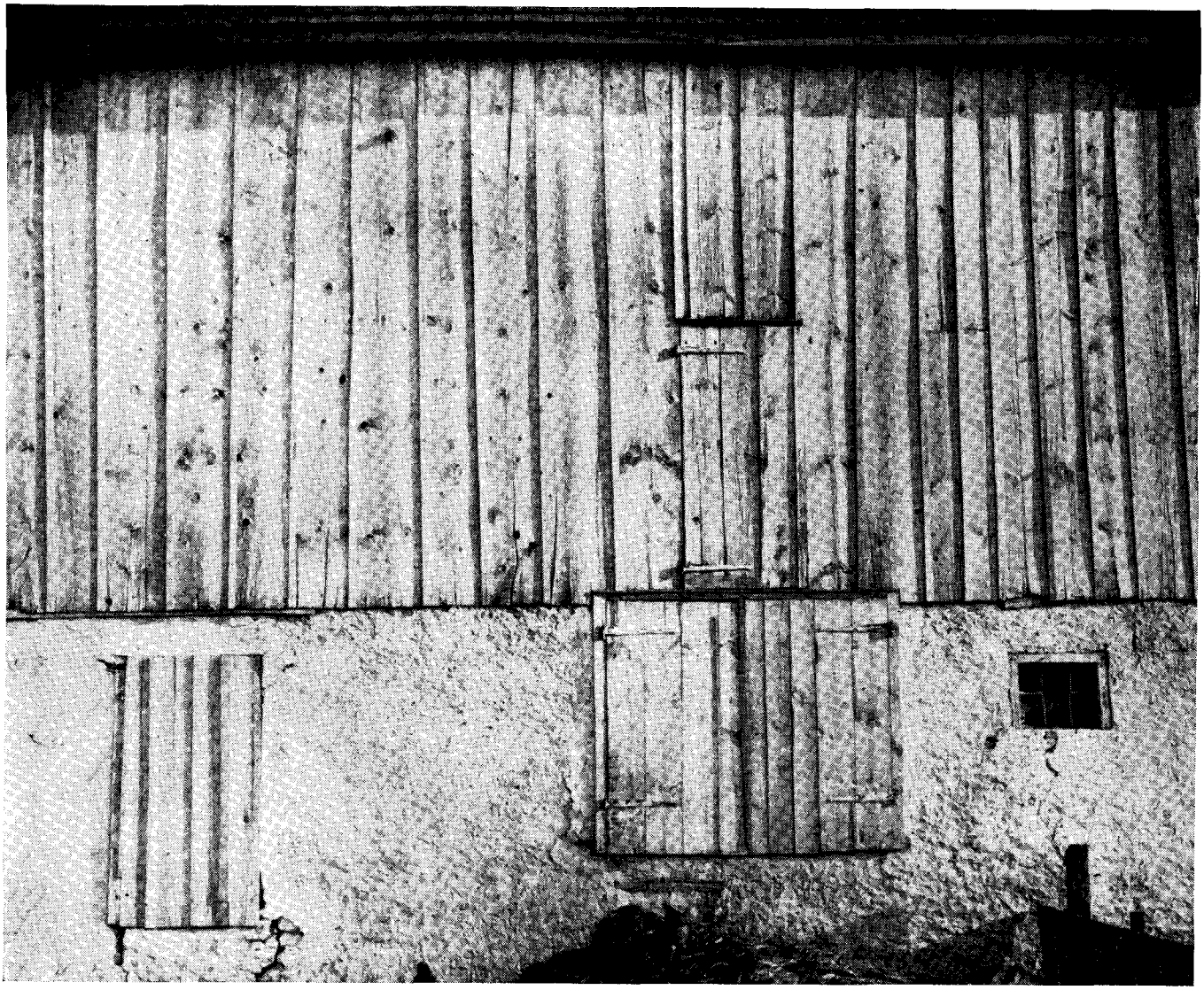
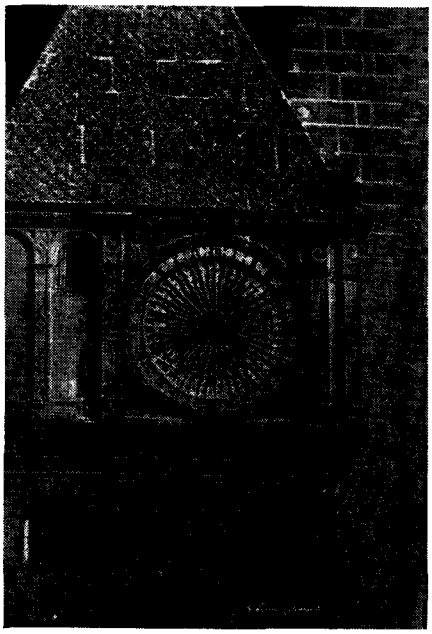


CHARLES SHEELER: "White Barn" (Bucks County, Pennsylvania), 1915. One of the painter-photographer's favorite subjects exemplifies his interest in geometric planes, surface textures and patterns.



HENRY LE SECQ: "Clock Tower, Chartres," 1852. A student of painting, Le Secq worked as a photographer for the French Government Commission for Historic Monuments. Later abandoning his camera, he founded a Museum of Artistic Ironwork, now in Rouen. (Edward Steichen used the original calotype negative to make this print.)

quick enthusiasms, credited Weston with "blazing a path to a better way of seeing, and, as a result, of painting."

Not only to Weston, but to Paul Strand, Charles Sheeler, Alfred Stieglitz, and many others, abstraction was a discipline—a finger exercise for discovering nature's elemental forms and rhythms, textures and tones. Though approaches and attitudes may vary, it is this quest which appears to motivate the creative impulse in great photographers as it does in all artists.

The fifty photographers represented in the Museum exhibit share one artistic aim: to catch a frozen instant of time in an isolated fragment of space at that decisive moment when the true essence of the subject is revealed. Edward Steichen has pinpointed the problems involved: "One is how to conquer light. The other is how to capture a moment of reality just as you release the shutter. . . . Every man must learn to work out these two problems for himself."

And these photographers have done just that, using light and time as instru-

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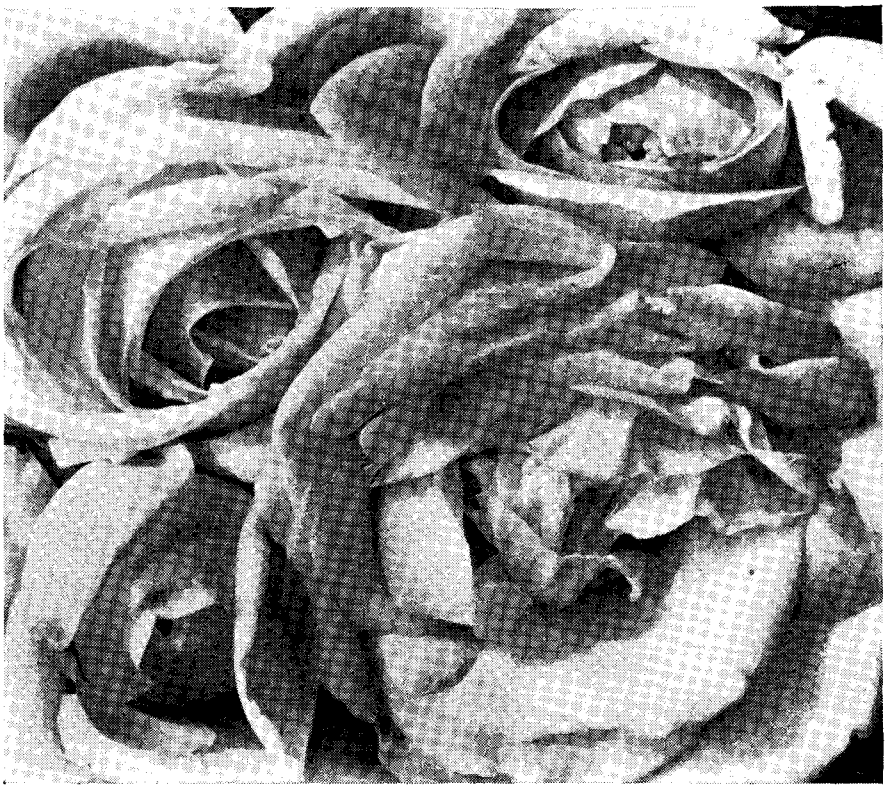
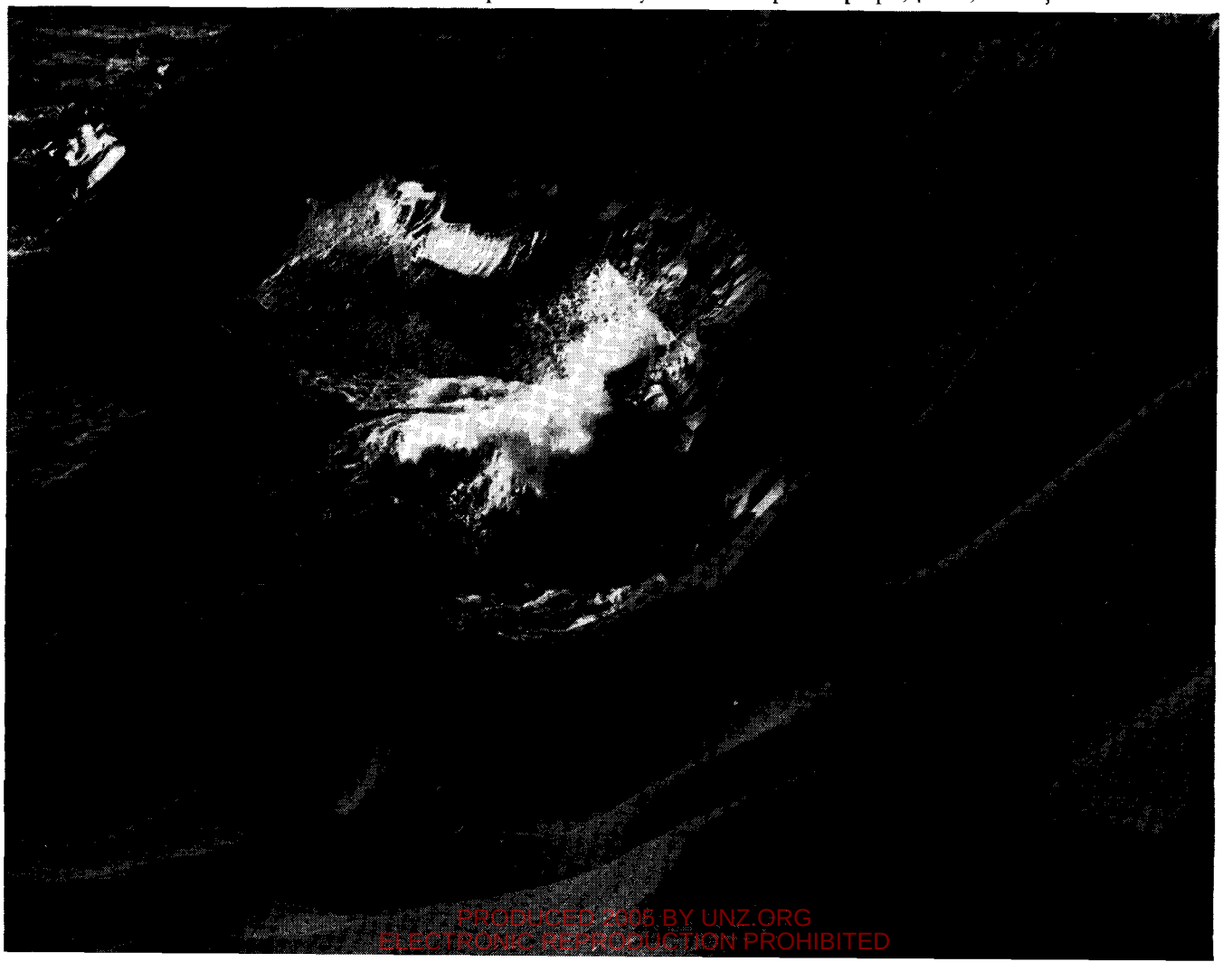


TINA MODOTTI: "Roses," (Mexico), 1924. This photo was a gift of Edward Weston to the Museum collection. Modotti studied photography with Weston, and her work shows similar almost mystic preoccupation with natural forms.

PAUL CAPONIGRO: "Sequence One" (Surf and eroded rock, Cape Kiwanda, Oregon), 1959. Though a student of music during his college years, Caponigro decided instead "to create beauty of image . . . visually to realize the communion which takes place between myself and the spirit of people, places, and objects."



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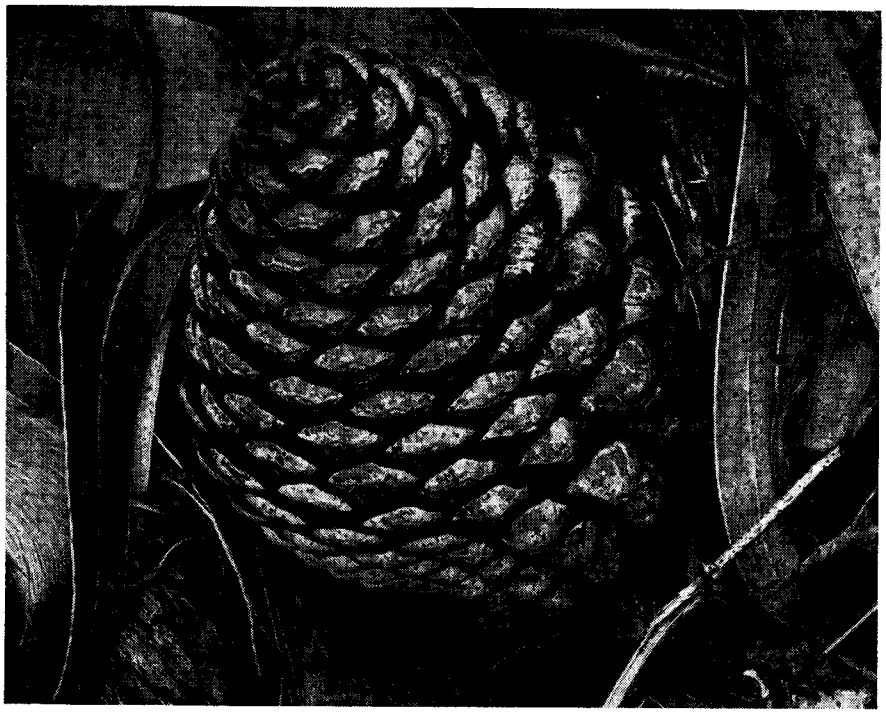

ANSEL ADAMS: "Pine Cone and Eucalyptus Leaves," 1933. Turning from piano to camera Adams found the lens "an instrument of love and revelation" by which to interpret nature.

ments to shape and chisel form, to spark melody from the interplay of shadow and substance. Each in his own individual style found the way to interpret people and places, eye-witness history, ensnare mood and pattern, express the tender, the tumultuous, the timeless.

Whether the photographer's approach is abstract or interpretive, scientific, documentary, or purely "pictorial," all the prints on exhibit bear what Lincoln Kirstein has termed the signature of great photography, "a large quality of eye and a grand openness of vision."

There is, indeed, much to be found in these pictures and the others in the Museum collection—and much to be lost until their eloquent bid for space is answered.

LENNART OLSON: "Ste. Agnes" (Provence), 1955. Dramatic simplicity here gives no clue to the fact Olson photographed this one tree for five years before all the variables of light and time were just right for his conception.

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Manner of Speaking

PARENTS AND PROVERBS: A child is an act of faith about which one grows increasingly uncertain. An adult, it might follow, is a gambler in the process of losing. Still the perpetual motion is love, and within that motion every generation has tried to save what it has already lost by teaching the losing game to its children. This state of confusion is called, by general agreement, parenthood.

I wonder if there is any such thing as a great parent. The more I hear my more heavily parented friends praise the stature of their parents, the more I distrust. For myself, I am moved to hope that I shall never ask of my children more than the right to be seen through their own mistakes. I shall hope for love, wistfully if need be, but the day love runs aground on respect, I shall know I have been a stuffed shirt.

Heaven knows, it is easy enough in our damp-souled culture for the young to fall into inane mother-love—with lyrics by Hallmark. Personally, I should find motherhood easier to respect as a generic thing were the prerequisites higher. It can, after all, happen to almost any girl. As for dad—still speaking generically—he is a simple enough accessory to the simple prerequisites. If he and she were foolish to start with, the act of procreation may make them sadder, but certainly not much wiser.

Once established as lords-of-the-hearth, it is easy enough for wilful parents to impress themselves upon their children. Young twigs are easily bent. But parents become impressive at their own risk.

What generation has ever failed to give its children more than enough grounds for an indictment as hypocritical? How many questions is it possible to answer fully and honestly, in open confusion openly confessed? Too many parents prefer to pose in the certainties of gnomic wisdom. Let a fathead enter into parenthood with a stock of ten proverbs and a pompous air of adulthood; little big-eyes will have a blown-up balloon of a legend to quote from for the rest of his life.

All these thoughts spring from my observation of specific parents—two of them, married to each other, both of them very impressive, very self-assured, and very proverbial parents indeed. Not long ago, in the course of a cross-country lecture jaunt, I had the unpleasure of watching them through an entire Sunday of bending their little twigs. Never have I been made so aware of the fact that the world has changed out from under its proverbial guidelines.

These particular parents, as part of their prostration before their own images, had fallen into the habit of making many of their remarks to the children in proverbs importantly uttered. On the plane that took me on to the next stop, I found myself testing as many as I could recall.

In the hope that the children, now defenseless, may grow firmer of mind and learn to read and ask questions that will in turn lead them to see their parents as something less than monuments—and in the further hope that they not starve to death in the act of following their present instruction—I make this effort to rewrite part of their day's maxims. May they come upon these revisions in time:

Penny wise is inflation foolish.

Waste not and there will be no work.

A dollar saved is a quarter earned.

Honesty is the best policy without general coverage.

What goes up must come down—if it can solve the re-entry problem.

If Detroit had meant people to walk it would have manufactured shoes.

Eyesight is only skin-deep.

Why start at the bottom of the ladder? Take the escalator.

A rolling stone gathers no pension.

Early to bed and early to rise probably indicates unskilled employment.

A taxpayer and his money are soon parted.

Luckily the hostess brought one of those cardboard airline dinners at this point and I had to put up my pad, else the fit might have run on. But let me yet ask for all bemused and fumbling parents honest enough to live outside the monuments of gnomic self-assurance—what *does* one tell the kids that will stay firm to any world they must live in on their own?

All I can quote by way of reply is the prescription of an old friend: "Have 'em, love 'em, and leave 'em be." Leaving 'em be is precisely that act of heroism that only the best parents—which is to say the least monumental and self-assured—learn to aspire to.

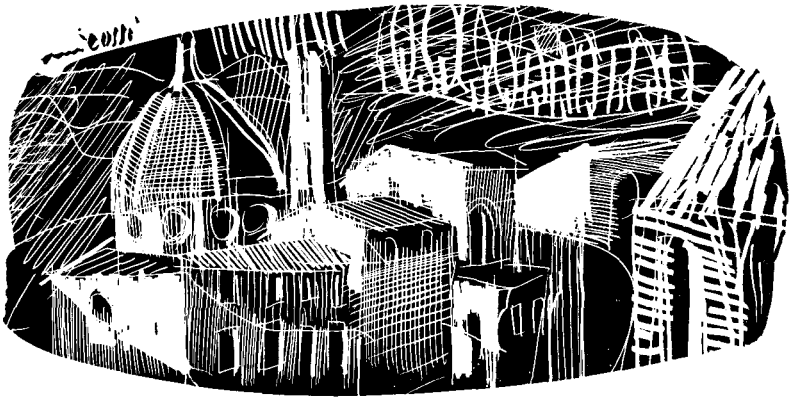
The trouble is, of course, the loving 'em can raise hob with leaving 'em be. But you have to try. The more you learn about not trusting yourself too complacently, the more able you become to trust them to their own mistakes. One thing remains certain for the gnomic to note—that the world and its proverbs are soon parted.

SONG OF THE SHORT AXE: I have this story from Nancy Hale, my heart's candidate for the title of World's Most Elegant Grandmother. A lady (a well-known author), who is a friend of lovely Nancy's, had her childhood confused not only by having parents but by living across the street from Lizzie Borden, the same Lizzie who is metrically reputed to have taken an axe and to have done some felonious counting. After that mathematical unpleasantness and the following inquest, when Lizzie was back home, the child and author-to-be took to crossing the street to sit on the front steps with Lizzie. After a number of such visits, the then-child's mother suggested that she should not spend so much time "over there"—a remark that, as even gnomic parents know, leads inevitably to "Why, Mommy?"

I submit that Mommy committed a classic by way of reply, and may all the great white houses of the genteel find their sweet if slightly musty justification in it.

"Well," said Mommy, "she wasn't very nice to her parents."

—John Ciardi.



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The Prior Obligation

THE other night we discussed with a scientist the United States plan to detonate a hydrogen bomb in the Van Allen Radiation Belt high above the earth. After we expressed our acute uneasiness about the projected experiment, he sought to remind us that almost every major advance in human knowledge or invention was marked by a flurry of uninformed or superstitious concern. No doubt the first man who thought of the idea of using a sail to give motion to his boat had to contend with the argument that the winds were actually the breath of angry gods and would blow him to pieces.

We said we realized that progress of any sort generally had to run a gauntlet, superstitious or otherwise. But we pointed out that this kind of criticism does not figure largely in the present opposition to the high-altitude nuclear shot. What is most significant about the present opposition to the Van Allen Belt detonation is that it comes from within science itself. Various eminent physicists have expressed serious doubts about the test. Not that they fear grave cosmic calamities with the grimmest consequences for human life. Their argument, simply, is that the test is premature. In their view, much research is essential before it should be attempted. It is only a short time since the existence of this particular band of radiation above the earth was discovered. Not enough is yet known about the width of this belt or how sharply it is defined; or about its origins, motions, and energies; or about electro-magnetic phenomena in general. No one knows for sure that the radiation particles knocked out by the explosions will be replaced within a short time. Conceivably, they might not be replaced for some months or years. It is precisely because the effects are not fully predictable that a go-slow approach has been urged.

Even so, our scientist friend said, no astro-physicist of any reputation is predicting a permanent alteration of the radiation belt. As for the practical effects on the human race, he said, the worst that might happen is a prolongation of interference with radio communications systems, or a change in the aurora patterns for a while.

We thanked our friend for this reassurance, but it seemed to us he might be missing the main point. The main point is that the radiation belt above the earth is not ours to tinker with in the first place. We are not undertaking a tidy little experiment in the ocean within three miles of our coastline. In blasting away at the heavens, we are venturing far beyond national boundaries and privileges. The sky surrounding this planet, to the extent that it belongs to anyone, is a community-property area. All peoples in the world have an equal interest in, and are more or less equally affected by the radiation bands around the earth or by other natural phenomena not contained within national boundaries.

It is no answer to say that little or no harm will result from the nuclear attack on the Van Allen Radiation Belt. The essential point here is that we have gone at the matter arrogantly. We have acted as though we owned the sky, as though the concerns of other people were of no consequence. What is truly inexplicable is not so much the experiment itself, but the poverty of moral imagination in our approach. How is it that we did not think to inform the world, fully in advance of the experiment, of our reasons for undertaking it, presenting all the scientific information which in our view would demonstrate the action to be without harmful effect?

In short, why would it not have been responsible policy to come before the United Nations, which we recognize as the only agency constituted to handle matters of common world concern? Why would it not have been a good idea to utilize the U.N. as the proper forum for presenting such facts as we felt would reassure people in their quite natural apprehensions?

THE editor of *SR* is disposed to accept it as a fact that the Van Allen explosion will have no dangerous effects on the human environment. But he is not disposed to accept it as a fact that we should act unilaterally in these matters, or that we have no obligation fully to inform and consult the world at large about our proposals, as well as to reply to serious questions. For the unilateralism involved in the test is far more perilous than the experiment itself. What happens now if other nations decide to undertake their own experiments with the planetary environment—experiments which our own scientists feel may be going too far?

The central issue posed by the present case is not too different from the central issue involved in nuclear testing. Neither the United States nor the Soviet Union nor any other nation engaged in atmospheric explosions is able to confine the resultant radioactive garbage to the air above its own country. Other peoples are involved. Their rights have not been respected. They have not been consulted. Their protests have been disregarded. The failure to see this as a moral issue may be even more harmful to the American cause than a nuclear deficiency, real or supposed.

As some point soon, it may be useful to think carefully about what it is we are striving to defend. If all we are seeking is the security of a physical inventory, we will have lost the larger and more precious part; namely, the recognition that this nation was founded on certain human propositions, among which were a decent respect for the opinions of mankind and a sensitivity to the hopes and hurts of human creatures wherever they are. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHO KILLED BENNY PARET?

A THOUSAND THANKS for the editorial "Who Killed Benny Paret?" [*SR*, May 5]. More writing of this kind is needed to bring home to people the tragic fact that so long as violence and murder are regarded as "sport," we in the twentieth century can hardly claim to have done much to advance civilization beyond the bloodthirsty horrors of the Roman gladiatorial arena. Nor can we, so long as we openly sanction brutality, expect to resolve the terrifying conflicts of the nuclear age in a peaceful and orderly way, unless we look first to modify our own individual appetites for savagery.

MRS. JEROME P. FACHER.

Waban, Mass.

AS TO Mr. Paret—surely his kin mourn him as a man. Is not everyone else mourning his own guilt instead? What I cannot understand is why. Surely Mr. Paret understood, or should have understood, the perils inherent in his profession. A bullfighter does so and he is proud. A national hero, Col. John Glenn, spoke of the possibility of death prior to going into space; he gave it dignity. Had he died in the performance of his mission, would we as a nation grovel in guilt? Or would we praise him even more?

Please do not say that the comparison is inadequate; I would not compare these two in any manner except this: they both knew what their job entailed and they both willingly engaged in it with no compulsion from an outside source.

If there is any "blame" attached to Benny Paret's death, let's indeed put it where it belongs: square on his own shoulders for choosing a profession which entails the risk of death.

TATIANA D. OPPENHEIMER.

Mobile, Ala.

I HEARTILY endorse your editorial "Who Killed Benny Paret?" It is a forceful and long overdue pinpointing of the blame for such tragedies. As for the future victims, perhaps their promoters should teach them the *morituri te salutamus* of the gladiators, just in case.

LOUISE EGLESTON.

Hickory, N.C.

I AM persuaded that until we are seriously compelled, by law, to throw off such aberrations as prize fighting, dog fighting, cock fighting, bullfighting, rabbit flogging, and such other pseudomasculine "sports" attractive to and perpetuated by the psychologically immature, we will remain as morally degenerate in matters of national pleasures as we are scientifically naive in matters of international gene mutation.

JAMES T. MEHORTER.

Burlington, Vt.

TWO COCKS in a pit, two pit dogs in a match, or a bull against a *torero* fight because instinct and situation say that they must. There is no choice for these animals.

Human beings *choose* the ring as a livelihood. At least vaguely, they must be aware of the risks. So I am not sorry for the human fighters. They elect to fight and know the rewards (?) and penalties. You say: "Don't blame it on the referee. Don't even blame it on the fight managers." I say blame it on the fighters themselves who think that this racket is a rewarding career.

S. M.

Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUR REMARKS about the fight business are accurate. The human skull was not intended to resist a 200-pound blow. Many fighters are feeble-minded after their careers. The boxing fraternity has a term for it. They call it being "punch drunk." The same danger is not present in any other sport. I saw the fight in which Paret was killed and, as a former sports writer, it was apparent to me that the referee was at fault in the matter. Paret's opponent had him halfway through the ropes, and he slugged Paret on the head at least twenty-five times before the referee interfered. It should have been apparent to him that Paret was "out" and that the continued punching was dangerous. This the pictures of the bout indicated clearly.

CHARLES GRANT.

Evanston, Ill.

A GRIM thought hit me while reading your editorial. Could it be that Blasco-Ibáñez's pen lashing of the bullfight crowd applies also to boxing fans?

In the last paragraph of "Blood and Sand," the gored matador is doing his last "faena" from a lying position in a cot, in the first-aid room of the bull ring. A new bull is being put through fancy cape work by another bullfighter, and the fans' olés reach the dying man's ears. Blasco ends the novel with these words: "Outside roared the beast, the real beast, the only beast!"

JORGE SARMIENTO.

Tulsa, Okla.

NORMAN COUSINS has attacked a problem that has plagued the public since probably years before the gladiators in the Circus Maximus. Boxing is indeed made wealthy because there is "something" within a great number of people that is satisfied, at least partially, by watching one huge hunk of muscle beat another to a bloody pulp.

But because Mr. Cousins gets his "something" by other means, he does not have the privilege of judging another way of satisfying that "something" as bad.

I am not a boxing fan. I do note, though, that boxers themselves don't seem to complain; they aren't forced, I hope, into boxing. People aren't forced to watch this mutual mutilation match either. They do so because this is, to them, a good way to satisfy that "something"—indeed it *is* good, relative to picking a fight with one's wife, mother-in-law, or boss.

LAWRENCE A. MARTIN.

Fayette, Mo.

THE IMAGES of the blood baths during the heyday of the Roman Colosseum send shivers down our civilized twentieth-century spines, but Wednesday night at the fights is a treat for the whole family.

Life is a precious commodity, especially in these times. Let's show it some respect and throw out prize fighting.

PRISCILLA K. SABBETH.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

". . . and a vote of thanks to Mr. Mason and Mr. Dixon for settling this border controversy once and for all."

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Mostellaria Zero-Zero

THE THEORY that Greek and Roman comedy should be performed in the earthy manner of present-day burlesque has been advanced by several deceptively erudite specialists in this period of ancient literature, including the eminent translator Dudley Fitts. Now with "**A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,**" we have a fairly convincing confirmation of the theory. This musical comedy is an entertaining pastiche of Plautus's "Mostellaria" and other Roman comedies, in which Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart have kidded the absurdly unpronounceable names and the preoccupation of the Romans with courtesans, slave intrigue, boastful soldiers, and long-lost children who miraculously show up as still unsullied women or now-prominent men. Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and David Burns use the burlesque techniques of wide-eyed double takes and salacious innuendo, reducing to the lowest common image "civilized" society's pretentious and hypocritical behavior. However, they are not exactly the primitive vulgarians of burlesque, but could perhaps better be classed as Catskill comics who have gone on to become distinguished portrayers of characters rather than purveyors of one particular comic personality. (The performance of Mr. Mostel in "Ulysses in Nighttown" and of Mr. Gilford in "The Diary of Anne Frank" gave us overwhelming proof of that.) Thus it is with subtlety and artistry, but never with condescension, that they reproduce the requisite vulgarity.

Similarly, director George Abbott and choreographer Jack Cole have applied a blend of practical experience and artistic inventiveness to produce conscious formal distillations of the comedy's nature. For instance the show begins with an abstraction of fun for fun's sake in which three men and a surplus cork leg arrive at a variety of amusing perplexities within the measures of the music. And near the end of the evening two characters disguised as the same girl, and the authentic girl herself, go rapidly through a mirthful series of barely averted near-meetings.

But the show is mostly the antics of Messrs. Mostel, Gilford, Mostel, Burns, and Mostel. Perhaps the latter's most delightful moment is the one in which he suddenly illustrates with a mercurial burst of pantomimed poses and gestures the flavor of one of those highly improper Roman friezes. Or when he is told that the first ingredient of a recipe is the eye of an eel, his reflective, head-nodding response of "*That*—we have" is somehow terribly funny. And when, as he is being measured back to back with a voluptuous prospective concubine, he is told that she is exactly right for him, his answer of "Yes, but how often will we find ourselves in this position?" is humor of the same order.

Mr. Gilford makes a warm foil for Mr. Mostel as the Uncle Tom Roman slave who "lives to grovel." And David Burns as the old roué is the quintessence of vulgarity as he catches the aroma of some mare's sweat that has been sprinkled on him, and mistakes it for his own.

So much for the show's major assets. On the debit side is an insipid love plot; some inevitably sub-par singing voices—two happy exceptions are Ruth Kobart as an old battle-axe and Ronald

Holgate as the boastful soldier, who thinks so much of himself that he sings "I *am* a parade"—and a shortage of dance numbers. Stephen Sondheim's score, which, although it is unobtrusively subordinate to the show's comedy and generally pleasant, seems too seldom to rise to the quality of the show's best romantic lyric: "I pine, I blush, I squeak, I walk./Today I woke too weak to walk."

Tony Walton's unit setting is stylish and attractive, and Jean Rosenthal has subtly used changing projected sky backgrounds to add a much-needed variety and enhance changes of mood. While "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" may fail to achieve much magical elation or much audience-involving commentary on contemporary living, it is certainly the second funniest musical on Broadway and the most successful attempt to make Greek or Roman comedy work that this generation of theatregoers has yet seen.

—HENRY HEWES.

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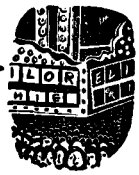

Miracle Films

ONE of the chief virtues of **"The Miracle Worker"** is that it preserves the fine performances of Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke, who, for two seasons, violently tossed props and each other around a Broadway stage. Patty Duke has meanwhile grown older and huskier (she is now fifteen), and Anne Bancroft, one assumes, has grown stronger; for the two still have their furious protean struggles, all to achieve the comprehension of language that will prevent a life of hopeless invalidism for the child. Arthur Penn, the director (as well as William Gibson, author of both film and play), obviously decided against a more documentary approach to tell a story that is based on fact—thus allowing the two actresses to repeat their assault on the audience's emotions.

They succeed, and brilliantly, and Penn has come close to finding a film style in which to frame their performances. Not quite, however, for the structural bones of the stage play keep showing through, and the starkness of the photography, the superimpositions (with which Miss Bancroft's own bleak childhood is filled in) and sound-track devices aren't enough to fully homogenize the mixture of stage and film techniques. This disjointedness shows up mainly where the lesser roles are concerned. Inga Swenson's Kate Keller, for instance, is oddly old-fashioned, as she gives way to helpless concern, gentle weeping, over-protectiveness, and, in the very first scene, a piercing scream that at once strikes a jarring note. Whether this is the role as Gibson has written it, or whether Miss Swenson is trying to extract more emotional juice than the role allows, I can't say; but in the case of Victor Jory's Captain Keller, I'm inclined to think that it is two-dimensional characterization which makes the Captain a figure of sound and fury, and little depth.

The failure to alter appreciably the structure of the stage play tends, at times, to make the film veer dangerously close to the edge of mawkishness, as when the twenty-year-old Annie Sullivan has visions of her dead brother, and as she requests "just one more week" from the Captain to prove she can help his child and thus save her from a sanitarium. These "dramatic" devices are not altogether justified for film use, and it is really the factual basis of the story (and an inspiring basis, at that) which keeps our conviction alive.

And, of course, Misses Bancroft and Duke. They play the gifted teacher and the inchoately gifted child with abandonment and artistry. At one point, as they have their fierce physical battle (and battle of wills) in the Keller dining room, Penn has his camera no more than six inches from their distorted faces, without ever interrupting the movement of the long scene. This, alone, is a technical accomplishment, but it also makes for a marvelous vividness. Anne Bancroft, who has already proven herself on stage, now emerges as one of our most important film actresses, and there's no knowing how far Patty Duke can go. It should be plainly said that they both owe a good deal to Arthur Penn, who found the way to adapt their performances to the screen.

Annie Sullivan's miracle was her teaching a child, cut off from the sights and sounds of the world, the meaning of words. Much more bizarre are the miracles in **"Joan of the Angels?"** (the question mark was added by the American distributor), a strange and absorbing Polish film that tells a tale of demoniac possession in a seventeenth-century Polish convent. A foreword explains that the story is based, to some extent, on fact, and while I am not up on my saints and martyrs, I would assume that Mother Joan existed, and that she was, in some manner, exorcized of her demons.

As for the treatment of this happening by Jerzy Kawalerowicz, that is a matter of attitude, and his is implicitly skeptical, which is to say that he views both the mystery of possession and the exorcizing of demons as psychological and social manifestations. Thus Mother Joan's madness appears on the screen (although the director is never fully explicit about it) as a form of split personality, not too different from the kind made popularly familiar by "The Three Faces of Eve." Mother Joan's devils are clearly her inner revolt against churchly restrictions on her mind and body.

But the skepticism of Kawalerowicz, a director influenced by both Dreyer and Bergman, does not prevent him from making striking pictorial use of rite, ritual, and ecclesiastical background. His composition, although it has derivative echoes, gives the film

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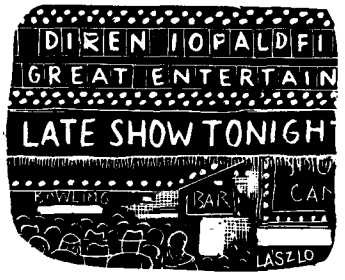
much of its fascination, especially in his treatment of the white flowing robes of the nuns and the black robes of the exorcists, among them a gentle Polish priest. While all of the nuns in the convent have been possessed by evil spirits, it is Father Joseph's task to deal directly with eight distinct demons that have invaded Mother Joseph, stunningly played by Lucyna Winnicka, whose expressions range from piety to impish and frightening animalism. Soon enough, the priest is overcome by her demons, too, and, in order to save the Mother Superior, allows himself to be possessed instead.

The clue to the meaning of these eerie events is suggested by a rabbi (Mieczyslaw Voit plays both priest and rabbi) who makes the point that these devils would not exist had they not been invented by the church, and that they cannot, therefore, be exorcized out of existence. Dogmatism, then, is the true evil, and one of the remarkable facts about the film is that its script was approved, in advance, by film officials of the Polish government. It is further made clear that the one nun in the convent who remains unpossessed is a sister who knowingly accepts and gives way to her erotic nature. But none of these points is made didactically. The story is told, for the most part, in images that are, by turns, earthy and poetically stylized, sometimes too consciously so. Nevertheless, it is the best of the new wave of Polish films to be seen here.

And there is yet another miracle in



"Devi," made by the renowned Indian director Satyajit Ray. He has deserted his poetic chronicle form for a more artificial story of a young Indian bride who is elevated through her father-in-law's pious vision into an incarnation of the goddess Kali. The simple people of the community sit and pray at her feet, and a miraculous cure of a child takes place. The bemused child-bride becomes convinced that she has a divine spark, but not so her rationally minded husband, who, in the attempt to restore her to a more earthly outlook, only weakens and finally destroys her mind. While the film can't help but charm by its exoticism, it is also painfully slow and all too predictable. It does not represent Satyajit Ray at his best. —Hollis Alpert.

TV AND RADIO

The Telenauts

THE piquant French lady journalist who asked Lt. Colonel John Glenn, Jr., and Major Gherman Titov how it felt to be as famous as Gary Cooper or a Soviet film star (NBC-TV's recent special, "The Nation's Future") characterized her own question as "frivolous," but it elicited probably the most significant answer of the fascinating hour-long interview. Colonel Glenn, gambiting first, grinned and said, "Ma'am, I haven't been aboard a horse in weeks." The Soviet cosmonaut then smilingly noted an important shortcoming in the training which he and the American astronaut had received. The spacemen had been carefully prepared for multi-G's, but not at all for press conferences and public appearances. The two representatives of the Soviet and American space programs handled themselves well in this television probe. They were personable and articulate. Curiously, Dr. Hugh Dryden, of our National Aeronautics Space Administration, and Academician A. A. Blagonrarov, of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, hovered modestly in the background. Public attention of two pragmatically-minded nations focused more on the operatives than on the theorists of the space adventure.

If the Russians and Americans are still comparative infants in space, the NBC special suggested that they are also amateurs in the delicate gamesmanship of international imagery. This first major confrontation on television of one of our own spacemen and one of theirs revealed subtle but important weaknesses in the communications posture of both nations.

The exchange of amenities was graceful and most of the problems discussed were understandably general. Edwin Newman, the NBC moderator, probed a bit deeper when he asked Colonel Glenn why U.S. astronauts do not travel. Glenn said he had enjoyed being Titov's host and would be happy to go to Russia. Then he added that the U.S. space men were "few and busy on the technical end, and the best use of their time and talent was to benefit the program immediately." Dr. Dryden added that Glenn had personally chosen continued active involvement in the space effort rather than public relations work, and that the pilot of Friendship VII had received so many requests for appearances, it was necessary to protect him. The responses may have raised queries in the minds of some viewers. If the Soviets can spare a spaceman for public relations interchange, why can't we?

Major Titov, on the other hand, left something to be desired in the way he fielded Glenn's questions about "apprehensive moments" or "failures" in Soviet space launchings. With a thrust at Drew Pearson's "intelligence" about the deaths of Soviet astronauts, Titov flatly declared that there had been no failures in Soviet manned space flights. Questioned further on failures less than total, he persisted in denying "problems of principle," but refused to comment on possible failures in Soviet nonmanned space flights, referring this question to "our specialists in rocket technology." If the Russian cultural exchange specialists are interested in the reactions of American audiences, they should know that to the American viewer this suggested evasion.

But one must have dealt actively with the Russians to understand the rigor of their departmentalized hierarchies: to Titov, declining to speak for another branch of the Soviet space service may have been correct and unequivocal. Thus some Russians I have met find it difficult to understand why an American astronaut has not visited the Soviet Union; while, as for Americans, it is just possible that in Major Titov's answers to Colonel Glenn's questions we may have been assuming evasion where it did not exist. Score less than successful public imagery for both nations.

There is a certain amount of paradox here, for the Russian temperament, as reflected in their classical literature, comes to us as essentially pessimistic. Yet perfectionism is a superimposed Marxist-Leninist attribute of the modern Russian psyche. Environment being all-powerful to a Communist, the Russians literally "see" no failures. We, on the other hand, are alleged to be culturally "optimistic," and yet we tend to doubt perfectionism wherever it is claimed. We find it hard to believe that there have been no failures in the Russian space effort. Optimists looking for failures and pessimists perceiving only successes—it is a strange inner world as challenging as the cosmic one to which the Glenns and the Titovs aspire.

Perhaps, in future communications probes, as Major Titov seemed to be proposing, the probers will be better trained to pierce the radiation belts of mutual misconception.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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Rewards and Regrets at Seattle

Tsimshian stone mask.

ALL THE art at the Seattle World's Fair is not in the vast Fine Arts Pavilion. Some distance away at the U.S. Science Exhibit, a remarkable fourteen-minute film, produced by Charles Eames with the assistance of his wife Ray, qualifies as creative art on a high level. In a specially designed oval room the visitor watches multiple images, cast from seven 35-millimeter motion picture projectors, unfold a dramatic prologue to the Science Exhibit (a project for which our government should be roundly applauded). The pictures, thrown on a large concave wall six images at a time, spotlight the complex and comprehensive world of modern science. Eames has actually invented a new cinematic technique expressly designed to combine many separate visual experiences at once. Varying his rhythm, perspective, and emphasis with lightning speed, he synchronizes six adjacent moving scenes into a powerful composite statement about science and scientists.

In front of one of the new theatres at the Fair, I came on another unheralded experience—a dazzling fountain that seems to combine water and metal organically. Three vertical units, composed of innumerable cast-bronze segments welded together, project water in vigorous opposing streams, the total effect a joy to hear no less than to see. James Fitzgerald, the gifted Seattle sculptor commissioned to make this appropriately named "Fountain of the Northwest," told me he "tried to use the natural movements of water that are common to the unique Northwest landscape — patterns of water from melting mountain snow coursing over rock projections—the feeling of water you find in the rain forests out here, dripping and cascading down through natural shapes." In the sun the fountain is surrounded by a web of rainbows; in the night strong lights turn it into a triumph of racing water and gleaming metal.

It is a sad commentary that, were it not for this privately commissioned work, visitors to the fair would leave without seeing Fitzgerald's sculpture; for though Seattle is his home, and though there are six separate exhibitions in the Fine Arts Pavilion, not one of these is specifically earmarked for contemporary art of the area, unless a small nondescript group of Mark Tobey's work could be so described. True, there is a large show selected by Sam Hunter, Director of the Rose Art Museum at Brandeis University, and devoted to American painting and sculpture of the last ten years, but this is predominantly a fashionable report stressing the New York School and what Manhattan dealers are showing these days. One questions why Mr. Hunter, usually a most perceptive connoisseur, did not represent the country more broadly, why he did not study the entire West Coast more intensively, why he did not show certain key figures in greater depth, why he did not feel it necessary to vary his menu with at least a few interesting unknowns, why he chose more objects than he had space for (the show, particularly the sculpture, is cruelly overcrowded), and why he represented occasional outstanding artists with sometimes trivial works. If this is an accurate survey of American art during the last decade, then heaven help us. I found myself comparing some of the more chic modern paintings with various exhibits in the Science Pavilion, where functional graphs, diagrams, and models sometimes inadvertently possess extraordinary beauty. For example, I saw several mathematical colored graphs resembling involved target-like designs that for me were esthetically more convincing than an enormous painting of a target (79 x 114 inches) by the recent best-seller, Kenneth Noland.

The dazzling "Fountain of the Northwest" by James Fitzgerald.

THERE is no doubt that all the exhibitions in the Fine Arts Pavilion suffer from unwieldy architectural surroundings; for due to highly obtrusive acoustical decorations, the paintings and sculpture are everywhere burdened by disturbing competition. Even the international section (again covering the last ten years), selected and installed *con amore* by Willem Sandberg, Director of Amsterdam's Stedelijk Museum, must fight against architectural interference. It seemed to me that this exhibition was not only better hung but more representative than its American counterpart. Each painter is shown with several top examples grouped together so that the work has individual impact. Mr. Sandberg was faced with the added difficulty of including artists from all parts of the world, and to do this judiciously in a moderate-sized show is no mean feat. From his exhibition one remembers a galaxy of artists: the Italian Pinot Gallizio with his curiously knotted compositions, the Englishman Francis Bacon with a new, less nebulous kind of horror, Dubuffet

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with canvases of 1961 that seem sadly diminished echoes of his past vigor, Matta with three somber compositions happily devoid of this painter's recent decorative stylizations, Soulages more impressive than usual, and the Spaniard Chillida with the *pièce de résistance*—a superb wooden sculpture recently acquired by Houston's Museum of Fine Arts.

Nearby, an exhibition devoted to Northwest Coast Indian Art is a high point of the Fair. For the last two years Dr. Erna Gunther, Director of the University of Washington's State Museum, has been selecting this material from collections in the United States, Europe, and Canada. With commendable restraint she limited herself to only the greatest objects, which in turn have been installed to the best possible advantage. Accompanied by a splendid catalogue packed with useful information, the exhibition stresses why and how this form of predominantly carved sculptural art developed in the Northwest. The works come chiefly from tribes of Alaska, Canada, and the State of Washington, including in particular magnificent pieces from the Haida, Tlingit, Kwakiutl, and Tsimshian Indians. For visitors unfamiliar with these accomplished craftsmen and brilliant ritualistic artists, Dr. Gunther's excellent survey becomes both an introduction and a revelation.

There are two other exhibitions in the Fine Arts Pavilion—one, a fine small Oriental show from the Seattle Art Museum and the other, a slightly puzzling collection, mainly paintings, called "Masterpieces of Art." I may have been misled by the title; in any case I anticipated a chronological survey of outstanding works by outstanding masters. Though the exhibition, selected by Dr. William M. Milliken, Director Emeritus of the Cleveland Museum of Art, includes a number of surpassingly fine canvases, one cannot help but question certain inclusions and exclusions. Granted that in this day of frequent art thefts it is not always possible to borrow masterpieces, still one wonders why both Lawrence and Raeburn are represented (a bit superficially), but no sign of Gainsborough; why Delacroix, but not Courbet, Daumier, or Corot; why there are two major paintings by Hals, but only an awkward early Rembrandt; why a late Burchfield and no Hopper. Had the exhibition been called "Interesting Works from Museum Collections," there might have been less room for doubt. And yet one cannot leave the show without mentioning certain ineffable paintings such as Copley's noble portrait of his father-in-law, Oberlin's famous Terbrugghen, and the National Gallery of Canada's Chardin, so tenderly painted as to defy description. There is also a surprisingly introspective portrait by Millet from Springfield, a shimmering Guardi from Boston, and Hartford's always alluring Strozzi.

Architecturally the Fair is disappointing. The Science Pavilion, financed in large part by the U.S. government, has so little competition that we are apt to overrate it. Somewhat too romantic for my taste and surely not Minoru Yamasaki's most distinguished design, it is nonetheless a building to be reckoned with. Graceful, imaginative, gay, and adaptable, this complex of six connecting prestressed concrete structures is interlaced with pools, gardens, patios, and terraces, echoing Seattle's own surroundings where water and land are everywhere united. I understand that these buildings are to remain permanently in Seattle, and be daily affronted by that symbolic monstrosity, the "Space Needle." Designed by local architects, this pretentious and vulgar structure (sad when compared to the Eiffel Tower) does irreparable damage to the grandeur of Seattle's natural setting. Though the tower rises 600 feet, its proportions are so constipated that, instead of soaring upward, it remains stolidly earthbound.

With a special building housing six art exhibitions, several of high quality, the Seattle Fair is putting New York to shame. When one realizes that the Manhattan Fair, with far greater resources, plans no special American art exhibition on its premises, Seattle's attitude seems doubly enlightened and New York's triply deplorable.

—KATHARINE KUH.

In June Don't Miss:

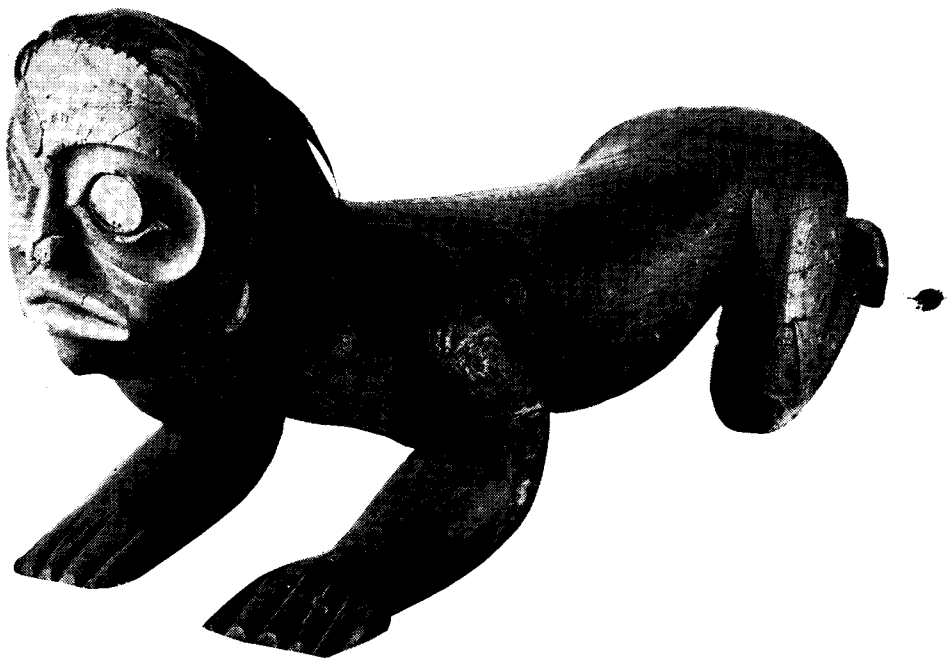
Rivers and Seas at the Busch-Reisinger Museum, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Over ninety paintings, watercolors, drawings, and illustrated books showing changing attitudes toward landscape during the past three centuries. Closes June 16.

The World of Benjamin West at the Allentown Art Museum, Allentown, Pennsylvania. Not only Benjamin West's paintings, but also those of many of his American and European contemporaries are included.

Surviving the Ages at the Newark Museum, Newark, New Jersey. An interesting exhibition devoted to the preservation of paintings.

John Marin Retrospective at the Currier Gallery of Art, Manchester, New Hampshire. A fine survey of paintings and watercolors by one of America's leading twentieth-century artists. Closes June 24.

Philip Guston at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York City. A large show stressing paintings and drawings of the last fifteen years by an important American abstract artist.



A Tlingit canoe-prow figure.

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Rubrics, Rascality, and Reason

By GRANVILLE HICKS

FICTION needs defenders these days, and I do what I can, but that doesn't mean that I am indifferent to other kinds of writing. For instance, I appreciate the quality and recognize the importance of quite a bit of contemporary journalism. The journalist has at his disposal large areas of activity, particularly politics and business, that the serious novelist, for reasons I understand and accept, usually avoids. We have journalistic novels, of course, quantities of them, and they often sell well; but they are rarely either impressive as novels or trustworthy as journalism. On the other hand, in many magazine articles and some newspaper reports one finds not only accurate reporting but the kind of insight that is commonly associated with what we call creative writing.

One of the best of contemporary journalists is Richard H. Rovere, who is reliable, resourceful, and supremely readable. "**The American Establishment and Other Reports, Opinions, and Speculations**" (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95), a collection of pieces written during the past fifteen or sixteen years, deserves, on literary as well as on other grounds, more attention than "Advise and Consent" or any of the numerous imitations thereof which have appeared recently.

After a tough apprenticeship on *New Masses, The Nation,* and *Common Sense,* Rovere became in 1944 a member of the staff of *The New Yorker,* for which he has written a Washington letter since 1948. During these years he has published a number of books: "Howe and Hummel," an entertaining portrait of a pair of rascally lawyers; "The General and the President," in collaboration with Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.; "Affairs of State: The Eisenhower Years," a collection of political comments, and "Senator Joe McCarthy," a brilliant study of the man and of the unhappy period that is sometimes given his name. "The American Establishment" shows the range of his interests, philosophical and literary as well as political.

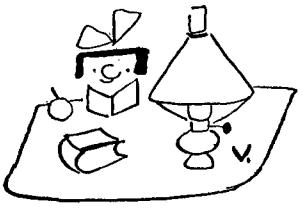
When he was first on *The New Yorker,* Rovere mostly wrote profiles, and he has included in this volume one of the earliest and best, "The Big Hello," about Peter J. McGuinness, the great man of Greenpoint and the last of the old-fashioned bosses.

> He has a massive head [Rovere wrote], clear blue eyes, and a complexion a shade or two off ripe tomato. His hair is pure white yet still plentiful. He parts it neatly in the middle and scallops it daintily over his forehead in the roach style affected by bartenders fifty years ago. His nose and chin are huge, granitic affairs that jut far out from their moorings in the face and then tilt sharply upward. The face, all in all, seems the work of a sculptor of large and noble intentions but either imprecise or cunningly ambiguous execution.

It is a consistently amusing piece, and yet it is never smart-alecky and never condescending.

Rovere has also included two early examples of straight political reporting, the kind of thing he has done so long and so well for *The New Yorker.* These are companion pieces about riding first on Truman's campaign train and then on Dewey's in 1948. As Rovere could not then know, 1948 was the last year in which Presidential candidates campaigned by train, and the pieces have a certain nostalgic charm. They also have his usual shrewdness, and political historians will find them valuable. Comparing the Democratic and the Republican operations, he suggested that there was a difference of thirty or forty years between them: "It is the difference between horsehair and foam rubber, between the coal-stove griddle and the pop-up toaster. Dewey is the pop-up toaster."

No one, I suppose, will deny that Rovere is a first-rate reporter. He feels strongly the obligation to be interesting, but he never jazzes up his reports as some journalists do, and he never plays with cheap effects. He simply tells his stories so well, with so much intelligence and so much vigor, that the reader is carried along. Take, for instance, his account of Newbold Morris's 1952 mission to Washington: it is based on a conversation with Morris, and I am sure that nothing Morris said was distorted; nevertheless, it was Rovere, not Morris, who gave the piece its liveliness. Or there is "The Kept Witnesses," which has the effect of a polemic and yet is simply a cool presentation of facts.



The writing is factual and dispassionate, but it is not bland. When Rovere does not think well of a man, he says so, and his words are quite likely to be daggers. In discussing Sherman Adams's "First-Hand Report," for instance, he points out that the book deals mostly with events in which Adams had little or no part. But, he then observes, "it may well be that if he had stuck to matters he knew intimately, he would have been writing almost exclusively about trivialities." Senator Vandenberg, Harold Ickes, Sidney Hillman, and General MacArthur all emerge from his treatment with severe lacerations. Rovere never indulges in savagery for its own sake, but when he strikes a blow, it is felt.

IF he can be savage, he can also be playful, and the book is full of lines that, one can be sure, amused him as much as they amuse the reader. The major example of playfulness in the volume is the title essay, which is an elaborate spoof of certain sorts of sociological investigation and speculation. As a piece of satire, I'm afraid it doesn't quite come off; it sometimes seems too much like a family joke; but there are some wonderfully funny passages.

In a review of Murray Kempton's "Part of Our Time" Rovere speaks of "a few light applications of reason," and it is a phrase that suggests his attitude towards his work. Whether he is talking about professional anti-Communists or Ezra Pound or the limitations of privacy, he lets his intelligence operate freely. He is tough-minded in the best sense of that term, skeptical without being crabbed, clear-sighted without being ungenerous.

His style, which has nothing in common with what is known as journalese, is a remarkable and wholly personal blend of the colloquial and the literary. Of Sidney Hillman he says, "He seemed spread with a kind of honey that fetched intellectuals as if they were so many brown bears." At the same time one finds in a single essay allusions to Corneille, Coleridge, Hobbes, Montaigne, and Dr. Johnson, and the book ends with a quotation from Marcus Aurelius. His style reflects his mind—flexible, agile, unspoiled by clichés, a highly serviceable instrument that is never allowed to lose its edge. It is the mind of a fine journalist who is no less a man of letters because he happens not to write poetry or fiction.

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The Soil of a Promised Land

"Conversations with Stalin," by Milovan Djilas, *translated by Michael B. Petrovich (Harcourt, Brace & World. 211 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Yugoslavia and the New Communism," by George W. Hoffman and Fred Warner Neal*** *(The Twentieth Century Fund. 546 pp. $8), permit one to juxtapose an idealist's account of disillusionment with Moscow alongside an evaluation of Titoism today. Henry C. Wolfe, whose books include "The Imperial Soviets" and "The German Octopus," has known Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union for about four decades.*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

Milovan Djilas — "an almost incredibly brave man. . . ."

MUCH has been written—and will be written—about the differences between the expansionist Communism of the Soviet Union and the nationalistic Communism of Yugoslavia. No author, however, has gone to the heart of the matter more succinctly and realistically than Milovan Djilas, who has had intensive personal experience with both Communist systems. He has recorded his disenchantment in earlier works and in his newest book "Conversations with Stalin." Thanks to the latter, he was rearrested in April.

The conversations with the Soviet dictator occurred during Djilas's three official visits to the USSR as a member of Yugoslav missions. In 1944, heading a military delegation, the young revolutionary "quivered from the joyous anticipation of an imminent encounter with the Soviet Union. . . ." Spiritually he "was returning to a primeval homeland. . . ." In that homeland he found the seeds of disillusionment that were to ripen during the Moscow sojourns of 1945 and 1948.

Not so long ago Djilas was looked on as the heir to President Tito. He was one of Yugoslavia's four vice presidents, an influential writer, and a highly popular figure, especially with his young countrymen. His "The New Class," an indictment of Yugoslav Communism, first published in the United States in 1957, brought him to world attention. This book was followed by "Land Without Justice," the exciting story of his Montenegrin boyhood, and "Anatomy of a Moral," a collection of political essays.

Three years before "The New Class" appeared, Djilas was expelled from the Central Committee for his scathing attacks on Communist corruption and the special privileges enjoyed by Party hierarchs, their families, and friends. When the Hungarian revolution broke out, he hailed it as the beginning of the end of Communism. "The New Class" was published while he was in jail.

Released in January 1961, the indomitable Montenegrin went on with his writing. A man of lesser courage might have tried to accommodate himself to the dictatorship that held the power of life or death over him. But Djilas burned with indignation against injustice: he had things to tell that he ardently believed the world should know. He would accept the consequences. As a former resident of cruel Mitrovica prison, he knows how terrible they can be.

"Conversations with Stalin" is both a lucid and significant account of his talks with the Soviet chief and the personal record of an idealist's gradual disillusionment and a visionary's despair. Before World War II, while he was still a student at Belgrade University, Djilas had been a dedicated Communist. He had learned Russian but had never visited the USSR. When he made his first visit to the Soviet Union, he was not only a fanatical Communist but also a Montenegrin, whose land had a traditional devotion to Russia. He wanted to kiss the soil of that promised land.

The disillusionment was vague at first. An intellectual and an abstemious man, he was shocked by the Soviet leaders' cynicism, vulgarity, and gluttonous eating and drinking. Believing in a grand coalition of anti-Fascist nations, he was bewildered by Stalin's brutal comments on Churchill and Roosevelt. "Churchill is the kind who, if you don't watch him, will slip a kopek out of your pocket." As for Roosevelt, "He dips his hand in only for bigger coins." According to Stalin, the British murdered Polish General Sikorski.

The Red army's "liberation" of Belgrade produced an orgy of murder, rape, and looting. Stalin defended the rapists and wondered "what is so awful in his [the rapist's] having fun with a woman." This, then, was the idolized leader whose "armies and marshals, heavy with fat and medals and drunk with vodka and victory, had trampled half of Europe under foot," and who "was convinced they would trample over the other half in the next round."

Anti-German himself, Djilas nevertheless heard, "to my horror," of Stalin's refusal to intervene when the Red army in East Prussia "killed all German civilian refugees—women and children." While Stalin was assuring Churchill and Roosevelt that he supported "democratic elections" and self-determination, he told Djilas that "whoever occupies a territory also imposes on it his own social system." And he predicted: "We shall recover in fifteen or twenty years and then we'll have another go at it." Stalin is gone, but Djilas believes the Kremlin's long-range policies have not changed.

There have been many books by disillusioned escapees from dictatorships who, enjoying sanctuary abroad, have written in safety and with profit. In Milovan Djilas the world sees an almost incredibly brave man who writes with the prison door literally swinging open for him.

For layman and specialist alike, this new Djilas book contributes vitally to an understanding of our age of anxiety. Both translation and biographical notes are excellent.

There are "no Djilasites in any formal sense," the authors of "Yugoslavia and the New Communism" write, but there has been "lots of Djilasism." That situation is understandable under a dicta-

(*Continued on page* 62)

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Tied to a Red Kite

—*George Pitkin (Monkmeyer).*

Cuba—". . . millions of oppressed and angry little people . . . set up a great cheer."

"Castro's Cuba: An American Dilemma," by Nicolas Rivero *(Robert B. Luce-McKay. 230 pp. $4.50), spells out the factors that led to and maintain Fidelismo. Fillmore Calhoun is associate editor of Newsweek magazine.*

By FILLMORE CALHOUN

HERE is a book that is "written with heartbreak" by a man who saw Fidel Castro turn from a hero into a heel. The author is Nicolas Rivero, whose family ran Havana's *Diario de la Marina* (second oldest newspaper in the hemisphere) from 1823 until Castro closed it. Even so, Rivero held on as head of the Department of Information of Castro's Ministry of Foreign Affairs until a final disenchantment. That came when the Soviet Union's peripatetic troubleshooter, Anastas I. Mikoyan, visited Cuba and, through barter agreements, tied the island's economy to that of the Communist bloc nations.

Since then Rivero has seen Castro solidify his position through intrigue, bombast, terror at home, and arms shipments from Russia. The cigar-chomping dictator now has fifty 600-mile-an-hour MIG-15s and MIG-17s and enough tanks to consider a push against the U.S. Navy base at Guantanamo Bay. This is in contrast to the handful of British Sea Furies and American T-33 jets (previously sold to dictator Fulgencio Batista) that Castro used in the lamentable battle of the Bay of Pigs.

The story of this disaster for U.S. policy and planning is fully told by Rivero, abetted by information from such men as Dr. José Miró Cardona, Manuel A. de Varona, and Justo Carillo of the Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front. It adds no luster to the reputation of either Adlai Stevenson or John F. Kennedy but it has a deeper significance. So-called "Yankee imperialism" had its ears pinned back, and millions of oppressed and angry little people throughout Latin America set up a great cheer. They still applaud Castro and are not yet disenchanted despite his failures and his repressions of human rights.

In spelling these matters out, Rivero serves an extremely useful role for anyone sincerely anxious to understand Fidelismo in this hemisphere. He has "a shocking tale" to tell but he does so without rancor and with still-lingering sympathy for the goals that Castro first proclaimed: "Our revolution is neither capitalist nor Communist, but simply Cuban and humanist."

The same man said that later he was going to "out-Lenin Lenin" in turning Cuba into a Communist state, and he may yet be successful. His economic troubles multiply (for the first time in history there have been food queues in Cuba) but with Communist-bloc aid these may be soluble. His land reform program has not been as extensive as advertised but it has caused the big landowners to be called *siquitillados*—which is a reference to a fighting cock mortally wounded by the breaking of its breast bone. There are more schools, more hope for millions.

What concerns the U.S. directly, however, is what Castro has done to the Monroe Doctrine. The U.S. defense perimeter has been shrunk from some 3,000 miles to ninety; a beachhead has been established for Communist propaganda, espionage, and infiltration; the long-term Organization of the American States's $20 billion loan and aid program is threatened. A numerical majority of hemisphere states may have condemned Castro at the recent Punta del Este conference but millions in "smart money" are now being sent out of Latin America into unnumbered Swiss bank accounts.

Rivero offers no easy solutions to these problems but he does outline alternatives: a hands-off policy, appeasement, containment, blockade, direct military intervention. In doing so, he indicates that one of these days we will have to make up our minds.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 982

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 982 will be found in the next issue.

QMNO MP ZDO ETOFZOQZ CMKO FPPFHTQ H'KO SBMXB DFKO HBKMCKOR MBO FWZMT —ABFQQHQZOR.

XHCQMB NHYBOT.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 981

How gaily a man wakes in the morning to watch himself keep on dying.

—HENRY HASKINS.

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FICTION

Inverted Commentary on Four Cantos

"Pale Fire," by Vladimir Nabokov *(Putnam. 315 pp. $5), parodies the manner and method of the academic leech who bleeds his better's literary remains. William Peden teaches English literature at the University of Missouri.*

By WILLIAM PEDEN

SOME months ago Vladimir Nabokov's publishers announced their decision not to reveal in advance of publication the plot, characters, or structure of "Pale Fire," the successor to "Lolita." "'Pale Fire' should and will speak for itself," the publishers declared, and newspapers from California to Massachusetts and from Texas to Minnesota echoed a New York newspaper headline that "'Lolita' Author's Got a Secret." That secret is now revealed. "Pale Fire" is a literary tour de force probably without parallel in American publishing history. It is a paradoxical, confusing, brilliant, and perverse novel. It will probably be almost as controversial as "Lolita," but for quite different reasons. It will probably be misunderstood by many Philistines, including the present reviewer. It will probably become the subject of many esoteric interpretations, ranging from the author's almost obsessive fondness for such symbols as butterflies to his philological subtleties, his attitude toward homosexuality, or his concept of the nature of the *Doppelgänger*. One thing, however, seems certain: Those who buy "Pale Fire" expecting a second "Lolita" will receive the shock of their book-buying lives.

In form "Pale Fire" is an ingenious parody or burlesque. First, we are presented with a contentious foreword to a poem by a recently deceased American poet, John Shade, a foreword written by one Dr. Charles Kinbote, a refugee professor at an American university (referred to as Wordsmith University, New Wye, Appalachia) where Shade for years has been poet-in-residence. This is followed by the poem itself, "Pale Fire," a skilful and frequently moving autobiographical narrative in four cantos, essentially Nabokov with undertones and overtones of Wordsworth, Frost, Dylan Thomas, and others. Then there is Dr. Kinbote's fantastic 228-page commentary on the thousand-word poem, as complicated and often deliberately confusing as a boxwood maze, in which characters and situations are gradually revealed. Finally, Dr. Kinbote provides an index, which, like the commentary, is more often than not deliberately misleading, ambiguous, or meaningless.

Vladimir Nabokov—"technical virtuosity."

As a burlesque of the manner and method of the academic parasite who feasts upon the literary remains of better men than himself, "Pale Fire" is a resounding, if too-long sustained, success. Nabokov's ingenuity seems inexhaustible; his technical virtuosity is almost incredible. This ingenuity and virtuosity, however, become a bore and erect an almost insurmountable barrier between author and reader, particularly in view of the fact that Nabokov crowds his novel with characters almost as generously as Dr. Kinbote supplies footnotes to Shade's poem.

Only gradually do we learn that arrogant, narcissistic Dr. Kinbote (the dirtiest word in his extensive vocabulary is heterosexual) is in reality Charles Xavier Vseslav, last king of Zembla, "a distant northern land," and that he has fled his beloved country during a revolution, parachuted to safety somewhere in Maryland, and sought sanctuary at Wordsmith University, where he attempts to influence the poet Shade to incorporate into a narrative poem the history of Zembla and its gifted king. Counterpointed against this is the story of Shade, his marriage, the tragic death of his daughter, and Shade's ultimate rendezvous with destiny when he, Kinbote/Charles, and a Zemblan assassin confront each other on a savage day in July 1959.

All this and much more—a torrent of gossip and reflection and commentary on ideas both trivial and highly significant—are revealed obliquely, indirectly, or a fragment at a time, and only after as many false leads as a schoolboys' snipe hunt. What, one is forced to ask, does this add up to? Far less, I venture to suggest, than we have a right to expect from a writer of Mr. Nabokov's indisputable talent. If the wilful refusal to communicate to all but a few specialized readers constitutes literary failure, then "Pale Fire" must be called a failure. If preoccupation with technique at the sacrifice of such communication can be called literary decadence, then "Pale Fire" is the most decadent novel of the past ten years.

Such a novel inevitably raises once again the question of the relationship between form and substance, between technique and subject matter, and I am irreverently reminded of a *New Yorker* cartoon, published shortly after the repeal of Prohibition. In those days, some ancients will recall, the distillers' wares were of somewhat less wholesome quality than they are today, but they were often dispensed in the most quaint and curious glassware. The clerk in the cartoon is handing a quart of whiskey to a customer and is saying something to the effect that the price is seven or eight dollars but there is a refund of five dollars on the bottle. For the erudite Dr. Kinbotes who feel that a container is more important than the contents within it "Pale Fire" will perhaps be considered a masterpiece. But for us less sophisticated mortals it must be reckoned with as withdrawn from humanity, grotesque and definitely diseased, as monstrous as a three-headed calf. It seems to me the unhappy mistake of an enormously gifted craftsman who has perpetrated a long, involved, intricate, and essentially dull joke, a joke which in the final analysis is as far removed from art as is the work of a technician who spends a lifetime engraving the Magna Charta on the head of a pin or assembling a harpsichord out of bottle caps, old match boxes, broken glass, and used tires.

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Murder of a Resolute Saint

"Nine Hours to Rama," by Stanley Wolpert *(Random House. 376 pp. $4.95), weaves a Freudian motive into the assassination of Gandhi. As a correspondent in India for the New York Herald Tribune, Margaret Parton covered that historic event and the subsequent trial.*

By MARGARET PARTON

WITHIN a few minutes after the murderer's bullets had fatally wounded Mahatma Gandhi, the foreign correspondents stationed in India had rushed to the scene. We saw the body. We saw the mourners, the silent masses in the streets. We saw Nehru weep. We watched the assassin during his first interrogation by police. Later, we watched him again during the long trial that led to his execution. To many of us he remained as much of an enigma as the man he had killed.

It is necessary to mention this background in order to explain why this reviewer wrestled through every page of the first half of "Nine Hours to Rama," quarreling all the way with Mr. Wolpert's presentation of a supreme news event which is now history. It was only when the story gathered in power and movement that the shift could be made from judgment of historical fact to judgment of historical fiction. This is a novel, and must be read as such.

Only three of the characters are actual persons: Gandhi; the assassin, Naturam Vinayak Godse, and his colleague, Vishnu Apte. All the others, the author claims, are fictional, though they often seem tantalizingly similar to certain well-remembered personalities. But the Indian setting is real enough for us to reach out and touch, and our knowledge of how it all ends does not interfere at all with the gradually accumulating suspense.

Mr. Wolpert, an authority on Indian nationalism and the author of one previous novel, has chosen an extremely tricky form: an alternation of the events of the day when Gandhi was assassinated with many long flashbacks relating the private and public histories of the half dozen people who play a major role in the tragedy. It is a difficult form to write and, unless read at one sitting, an irritating one to follow.

Godse, then, spends the day hiding in a railway station retiring room, at a movie, making love to a prostitute, and, just before setting out for his fatal appointment, in the arms of his high-born mistress. Apte, who was supposed to do the shooting, cowers for most of the day in the home of a tough old terrorist. Gopal Das, acting superintendent of police, spends frantic hours trying to convince various politicians that Gandhi's life is in danger and vainly attempting to persuade the resolute saint to call off his scheduled prayer meeting. In Poona, Dhondo Kanetkar, founder and director of the right-wing nationalist movement to which Godse belongs, waits for the news he knows will come and hopes that his failing heart will hold out until his mortal enemy is dead. Back in Delhi, politicians scheme and plot while the sun moves on across the sky.

Yet with all this activity each of these people as well as several others find time to relive their pasts in reflection. There are memories of student meetings in London, of bombing plots against the British, of old grudges, old rivalries, old loves. For Gandhi, there is the weary memory of a lifetime spent trying to tell people something to which they will not listen. For Godse, there is the memory of the rejecting father he had sworn to kill—and, at last, moving slowly through the twilit garden, the face of the man who was called "Bapu" —father.

It's an exciting if sometimes over-intricate novel, and it will probably make a good movie. But let's not confuse it with history. Gandhi wasn't killed by a stray neurotic youth with a father (or mother) complex. It was entrenched religious traditionalism, cold-blooded and intellectualized, that killed Gandhi. As it may yet kill India.

Snatches of Life at Twilight

"The Marquise Went Out at Five," by Claude Mauriac *translated by Richard Howard (Braziller. 311 pp. $4.95), is a novel about a novel and a novelist who is his own chief character, in the style of the "nouveau roman." Laurent LeSage is professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State University.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

PAUL VALERY's quip that he had never written a novel because he could not bring himself to say "The Marquise went out at five" has become the proverbial phrase to ridicule conventional fiction techniques. Just for the fun of it, Claude Mauriac begins his very unconventional novel with this gambit. To open a *"nouveau roman"* on a phrase that symbolizes the old-fashioned novel raises our hopes for burlesque and fun throughout; alas, Mauriac seems to be through with satire when he has turned the Marquise into an old "auntie" cruising the neighborhood, and, although imitating to perfection all the techniques of the "new novel," he is apparently in dead earnest. What a spoof we could have had if someone had jolted his elbow a bit!

The place is the Carrefour de Buci, an intersection in old Paris redolent of history and present-day markets; the time is between five and six. "Unity of place, unity of time, multiplicity of actions: an undertaking doomed to failure, especially since the unity of actual time would be surrounded, penetrated, absorbed in my novel by the infinite pullulation of innumerable past moments." So says the novelist who is ruminating on the novel he will write, which is this very novel in the process of being written and in which he himself is a character—a novelist who is an unavowed adept of the "new novel" and a clandestine reader of Michel Butor in particular.

There are over a dozen other principal characters shown intermittently in their rooms or on the street. Each has an interesting story—an adolescent trying to resist the allure of risqué pictures, a maid in a hotel listening to lovers in the next room, a sad child on the curb, a tourist reading his guidebook, a detective about to make a capture, bosomy girls on mysterious errands —but we are not permitted more than brief glances back and forth, from one to the other. "It would be cheating if I extended them until they constituted coherent and well-proportioned stories," declares the novelist. He will not extend or particularize: "the names, the per-

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sonalities have no importance." What we must be made to feel is humanity in its collectivity. The talk and thought of the characters, which come to us in snatches, are augmented by utterances of chance passers-by until the veritable din of street sounds is produced.

But, as the novelist says, we must hear not only the present swarm of human traffic, but the legions of history. To avoid that "abomination, the historical novel," he explains, "I'll use my artisan method . . . without chronological order, in separate 'takes,' according to a previous pattern." The pattern is tiny and intricate: countless bits of dialogues, documents, camera shots, and mindstream recordings deftly and swiftly combined to produce "the reality of time both aggravated and denied by this crowd which . . . has unceasingly crossed the same Carrefour."

Before such painstaking craftsmanship and such a lofty objective, it may be indelicate to admit that the book just makes you dizzy, ready to cry out with the novelist, "O mad crusade, my poor crammed mind is giving way!" Mauriac cannot be unaware that many, on putting the book down, will turn his novelist's words against him: "A pure exercise in virtuosity . . . a game, a wager . . . the last sentence, borrowed, like the first, from Paul Valéry."

Mores in Erin

"God Made Sunday and Other Stories," by Walter Macken *(Macmillan. 250 pp. $3.95), tells of a fortunate twenty-five-pound trout and other natives of the west coast of Ireland. Edward McSorley is the author of "Kitty, I Hardly Knew You."*

By EDWARD McSORLEY

IT SEEMS there was a summer visitor ("people call him the Taleteller,") on Colmain's island off the west coast of Ireland, and he it was who inspired Colmain to put painfully down Walter Macken's "God Made Sunday." As a device it's one not often employed by Irish writers of the short story, among whom Macken is surely one of the best, but he uses it well. Macken avoids the sometimes irritating detachment of Frank O'Connor, and he isn't clever in the sense that Sean O'Faolain is. However, one doesn't feel the chilly separation of the writer from his subject usually present in the works of the other two, and it is good to be reassured that the Irish do have emotions that function as well as their rather tricky brains.

Macken has a sure touch and shows it, in this collection, to great advantage in "The Big Fish," a twenty-five-pound trout that Tickler, an old man, lets go—to the dismay of his companion Joe, a small boy—after they hook it. It's the biggest fish either of them will ever take, undoubtedly, but once Tickler landed it, as he explains, they would stuff it, put a card on it, and he would be pointed out as the man who took the big fish. All very well, but what would he do for fishing then? And how would you explain this complex situation to a small boy?

There are three stories in the book about "Solo," a young priest. He's a very interesting priest, neither a Father Conmee nor a Father Ring. Solo is a footballer, or has been. In the story "Solo and the Nine Irons" he swims a torrent when a bridge is washed out to take medicines to dying young girl, upon whom the nine irons spell is about to be pronounced. Solo brings the medicines before the nine irons are applied, and the girl's life is saved. But you can't help wondering (or I couldn't) what would have happened if Solo couldn't swim. What is interesting, in an Irish story, is that Solo relies on modern drugs, not prayers, to cure the girl. In another story Solo invites a village Magdalen into his rectory to live until her problems are solved (such problems being soluble even in Ireland, it appears) thus bringing down on his own head the hostility of the village and, what's far worse, the anger of his bishop. Here Macken is probing somewhat deeper into the mores of the countryside, and he does so with great skill.

The marrying of Tom Flannagan to Dan the Dancer's daughter, who is young enough to be his own daughter, is Macken's way of saying it isn't always so sad when age and youth are united; illusions are illusions and all you have to do is keep them alive. Not a bad idea in a country where the men are usually getting on in years when they marry—if at all.

Expert yarnspinner that Macken is, he cannot escape the patterns set by a long tradition of Irish storytelling. As Joyce said: "Every telling has a taling and that's the he and the she of it"—and that's also the hell of it.

Trifling Gentlefolk

"An Unavoidable Delay and Other Stories," by Diana Athill *(Doubleday. 215 pp. $4.50), record, in the main, the inner struggles of the mildly neurotic. Joan Bostwick is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By JOAN BOSTWICK

THE CHARACTERS cavorting through Diana Athill's collection of short stories have one thing in common: most of them have their fingers wrapped around a flask labeled "Love Potion." Some take a swig, some merely sniff the mildly irritating vapors, and others simply shrug and refuse to uncork the philter. Miss Athill, an Englishwoman who is new to the writing profession, manages to describe their varying reactions to the potion without making platitudinous observations about Life and Love.

These are gently cynical stories about gentle people faced with alternatives and hampered by character limitations or impossible circumstances. Most of them are mildly neurotic individuals whose inner struggles are being recorded by an articulate analyst who, with a sardonic quality that is delightfully illuminating, has penetrated their emotional barriers.

Miss Athill's range, however, is somewhat limited by her tendency to view captiously any love but that which is brief. If the stories are read in rapid succession, this begins to emerge as a parochial refrain. "An Unavoidable Delay," the title story, and "For Rain It Hath a Gentle Sound" are both about fleeting affairs. In each the women have made unchallenging, mediocre marriages and engage in short-lived liaisons with doctors whom they have casually met. After a night of love, the first woman, finally assured of her femininity, bids her husband and her lover *adieu,* taking the whole business in lighthearted stride. The second woman remains married to her drone-like husband and, in time, recognizes that the beauty of her extra-curricular love existed only in its brevity.

In the manner of Katherine Mansfield, several of the stories rest quietly on implication. For "Buried," the best in the collection, the author effectively utilizes the symbolism of buried chestnuts in exploring the repressed desires in a brother-sister relationship. Another is "The Return," in which two female Simon Pures, ". . . either fastidious or not yet much saddened by the years or their circumstances . . ." have a brush

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with sexuality on an island off the coast of Greece, when two charter boatmen demand from each a kiss as payment for returning them to the mainland. In insufferably priggish fashion, they imagine that the men are demanding much more, and there is a hint of shamefaced disappointment when they discover that this is not true.

A middle-aged lecher's asthmatic attempts to reach new heights of sensual awareness are skilfully described in "Mellow Fruitfulness." The unfortunate man reaches instead the nadir of sensation when the voluptuous chick he yearns for turns him down cold.

The least successful story in the collection is "Postcard from a New Country," which deals, through an alcoholic fog, with Communism and old loves. The symbolic parallel is obvious, but the author fails to arouse one's interest in the characters.

With few exceptions, however, Miss Athill's stories are well worth reading because they relate human experience with honesty and perception.

LEAVEN IN SALEM: It will be news to many Americans that not all of the early settlers in Massachusetts were religious refugees. Other colonists, recruited in England for political and financial reasons, were sent forth in groups balanced as to trades and, inadvertently perhaps, as to faiths. Most were young, ambitious, hopeful, practical, with the heartiness and the lusty humor that might be expected of post-Elizabethans. They brought spirits as well as spirit, and leavened the sometimes sour Puritan dough. It is these interesting and little-known folk whom Barbara Dodge Borland has used as the *personae* of her novel **"The Greater Hunger"** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $5.95). One like them, an author's note tells us, was an ancestor of her own.

The well-researched background is informative, and the events of the novel are dramatic. Its heroine is Hetty Downing, motherless daughter of a wealthy amateur botanist in England, who embarks with him for America in 1629 to experiment with seed culture in the new land. The father dies at sea and Hetty, his companion in horticultural work at home, takes up his task when the boatload of settlers establish their village near Salem.

Primarily, however, this is a love story, one that might not be convincing if most of us could not recognize the relationship Mrs. Borland has pictured: the undying loyalty of a strong woman to a man of small promise. The hero will try the patience of some readers, though he seems never to have tried Hetty's. Her love for him does not falter,

(*Continued on page* 38)

IDEAS

They Changed Our Minds

"The Tangled Bank: Darwin, Marx, Fraser and Freud as Imaginative Writers," by Stanley Edgar Hyman *(Atheneum. 477 pp. $10), turns inside out the intelligences of an influential quartet in an effort to make genius more comprehensible. James Gray's collection of literary essays is entitled "On Second Thought."*

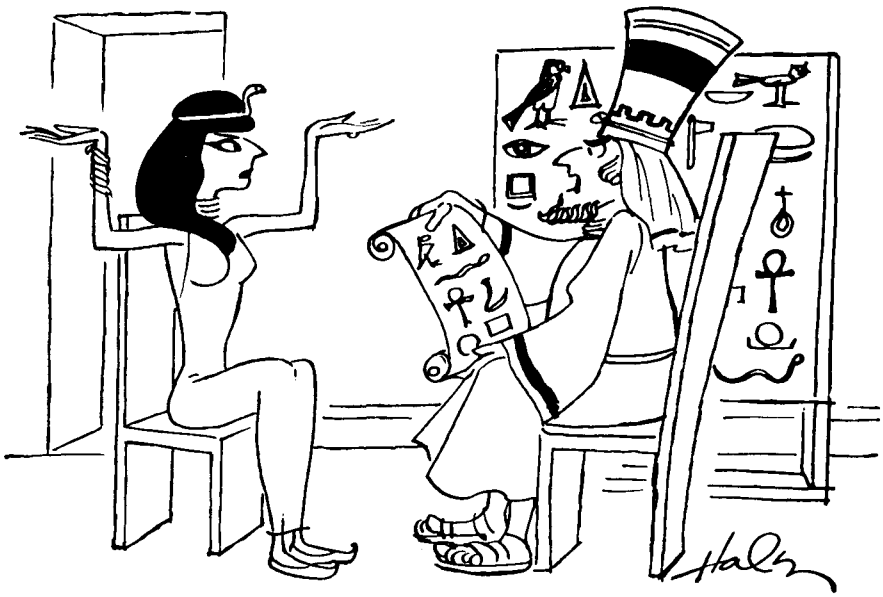
By JAMES GRAY

MANY a fine academic critic has become so committed to a particular set of values that he seems arrogantly to ignore any approach to discussion that offers even a momentary challenge to his system. No such limitation is evident here. The spaciousness of Professor Hyman's curiosity is in itself a stimulating and refreshing attraction. The intelligences of the four men who, in Malcolm Cowley's phrase, "changed our minds" in the study of the life experience are briskly turned inside out before our eyes. Psychical as well as intellectual activities are examined to throw light on the innovative process.

We are enabled to see Darwin edging his way toward truth through the cobwebs of his own reticences; Marx, feeding fat his ancient grudges; Fraser, with a kind of stately insecurity, sometimes betraying his own principles; Freud, achieving comprehension through a ruthless exploration of his own fears. The intention is not to diminish the dignity of these figures but to make genius more comprehensible by suggesting how rigorous an exercise it is to wrestle with angels and how indefatigably these thinkers gave themselves to it. Professor Hyman's usefulness as guide to students has had the support of his own conscientious curiosity, which has prompted him to examine not merely the most important writings of his subjects but also their obscure works. It has enabled him also to pick up many illuminating suggestions from the huge library of critical literature with which he is impressively familiar.

However, there are defects in his élan that even its copiousness cannot wash out of sight. He himself says that he wishes to present material in such a way that points of criticism will become self-evident. A reader is to be challenged "to do his own interpretation and evaluation." This is the method of the classroom, and it is likely to be disappointing to anyone who has opened Professor Hyman's monumental study in the expectation of finding an original work of scholarship. At his best, this teacher instructs with a headlong eagerness to get much said quickly. Information has been passed through

(*Continued on page* 61)



"If you don't know, just say so!"

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Loom for a New Pattern in Life

***"The United Nations: Structure for Peace," by Ernest A. Gross** (Harper. 125 pp. $2.95), interprets history as it was tempered by the late Dag Hammarskjold. The author of many works in political science and international relations, James T. Shotwell was president of the League of Nations Association from 1935-1939.*

By JAMES T. SHOTWELL

THIS is an important book. Penetrating in analysis, sober in judgment, it presents the conclusions of a jurist and the vision of a statesman. The central theme is the United Nations during the Secretaryship of Dag Hammarskjöld, and it would not be going far to say that it is like a political testament of that great administrator. For the review of the problems that confront the U.N. is on the same high level as the reports of the late Secretary-General. It is not a history of currents or events, which are temporarily registered in moods of frustration or confidence. It is, rather, an interpretation of history. The clue is found in an analysis of collective security. As set forth here it rests upon three bases: "(1) a broad agreement in principles, (2) available machinery for applying the principles, (3) a general will to use the machinery.

"The principles are furnished by the Charter. The machinery is provided by the Organization. The will can be supplied only by the members."

The subtitle of the book, "Structure for Peace," might seem to limit its scope to a description of the machinery of the U.N., but its real theme is the way in which that machinery has worked, its capacity for survival by the exercise of self-discipline of an emerging community of states. To quote Ernest A. Gross:

> The survival value of the United Nations must be evaluated according to the manner of its use, rather than the volume of its business. Mischief is done to the Organization when it is leaned on as a crutch—rather than employed as an instrument—of diplomacy. . . . It is observable that some in our own country who assail the United Nations as a menacing "superstate" are often first to deride it for not acting like one in situations of particular moment to the United States. On the other extreme are those who make vague appeals for "support to the United Nations," thus claiming for it an abstract or corporate existence which it does not now possess.

The advantage that Mr. Gross has enjoyed through his position as United States Representative to the United Nations with rank of Ambassador is reflected in the clarity with which he describes the varied activities of its organs—the Secretary-General, the Security Council, and the General Assembly—in keeping the peace and building a just order. The working and interworking of these bodies, and of instruments for justice in economics and law, are weaving a new pattern of history, of which this volume furnishes a preview.

"The death of Dag Hammarskjöld, in the African night," Mr. Gross writes, "brought into focus a dilemma which the nations had long confronted—but never squarely faced.

"Experience had shown that an impartial and vigorous executive might help prevent situations such as Suez and the Congo from engulfing the world in great power conflict. On the other hand, a great power can start a conflict any time it is determined to do so. Hence, to the extent that the Secretary-General himself becomes a source of controversy among the great powers, his capacity to exert a conciliating influence among them obviously diminishes.

"Through qualities of strength and firmness the late Secretary-General had sustained the precious principle of executive impartiality, around which the smaller nations . . . huddled, but did not rally. His passing precipitated the necessity for a choice. Would the smaller nations insist upon action enabling the United Nations to develop its integral growth and corporate processes? Or would the Organization become a mere cold war meeting ground like the springs at which hostile Indian tribes assembled for intervals of healing between wars?

"The General Assembly is by far the best available forum for clarifying the basic issues underlying the problems of disarmament and exposing over-

—*Bachrach Bros.*

Ernest A. Gross: "the survival value of the United Nations must be evaluated according to the manner of its use, rather than the volume of its business."

simplifications and illusions. The same is true of other great problems of war and peace as well.

"Leaders of some of the great powers have lamented on occasion that they could wield greater influence and persuasion if only they were unhampered by nations of little power or men of lesser stature. But the great powers have no mandate to assume the directing role. Efforts to 'manage' popular assemblages place too high a premium on the wisdom of the managers. At the same time, availability of a forum for free debate places an equally high premium on the capacity for self-discipline."

"Self-discipline," in fact, is stressed as the one outstanding principle in international politics. It "generates moral forces enabling societies to define their responsibilities courageously and to pursue their interests wisely."

The "Structure of Peace" has two more great wings in its edifice, which we must leave unvisited: international economics and the protection of human rights by the development of international law. Note should also be made of the specialized agencies, such as the Food and Agriculture Organization and the World Health Organization. There is room for many additions in the "Structure for Peace."

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Disarming Choice

"An Approach to Peace and Other Essays," by H. Stuart Hughes *(Atheneum. 204 pp. $4.50), proposes that the West unilaterally abandon nuclear weapons. Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By FRANK ALTSCHUL

IT IS somewhat difficult to come to grips with this book, in which chapter headings have been assigned to a number of essays unrelated in the main to the theme of the first and most searching half of the volume. Maybe the best way out of the difficulty is to focus attention on the title essay, "An Approach to Peace," in which H. Stuart Hughes suggests a "new start" in foreign policy aimed at arresting and hopefully turning down the fateful spiral of the thermonuclear arms race.

In the light of recent developments, few would question the desirability of seeking an escape from the sterility of the bitter and dangerous exchanges in which we and our Soviet adversary are increasingly engaged. The author finds little hope of such an escape in the fruitless and interminable negotiations in respect to a ban on nuclear tests or general and complete disarmament. And he is prompted by a sense of urgency, feeling that "our country's situation is even more precarious than it appears to be and that it is time to cut our losses and to make the best bargain we can—in several parts of the world—before it is too late."

However, the manner in which it is suggested that we cut our losses will strike many as frightening in the extreme. In essence, it amounts to the unilateral abandonment of nuclear weapons by the West. Mr. Hughes is aware of "the awful risks that such a decision would involve. Every conscientious unilateralist has spent countless hours of worry over the implications of what he recommends. . . . We face a choice of evils—a choice of risks. All we can say is that to us the risks involved in depriving our country of nuclear weapons loom less threateningly than the dangers of going on with the arms race."

This is a conclusion that may in some measure have been prompted by Mr. Hughes's disposition to put "the physical preservation of humanity ahead of loyalty to one's nation or to any particular economic or social system." Yet to those who have observed the manner in which the Soviet Union brandishes its nuclear weapons at a time when it is faced with an adversary possessing at least equivalent power, unilateralism opens up an appalling prospect. With the danger of a thermonuclear response removed, can anyone doubt that the Soviet Union would proceed "peacefully" to accomplish its avowed purpose of achieving world dominion? This would inevitably mean the end of all those values to which we attach supreme importance: justice under law, individual freedom, and national independence.

BUT if this proposal of Mr. Hughes can be dismissed out of hand as running violently counter to our traditions and instincts, he develops another line of thought which seems visionary at the moment, but which should not be too lightly cast aside. "If only we can preserve the peace for a few more years, the United States and the Soviet Union may come to recognize the interests and aspirations they have in common."

These "interests and aspirations" held in common are very real and with any return to sanity in international affairs it is not too much to hope that they may prove to be determining. First and foremost among them is the interest that the Kremlin must share with us in avoiding the unparalleled disaster that thermonuclear war would inflict on all humanity. Beyond this is the aspiration we both have in common to preserve and in an atmosphere of peace to extend the advances in the well-being of mankind which modern technology has brought within reach.

There are forces at work that may drive the Soviet Union in this direction sooner than we now anticipate. There is the emerging power of Communist China, the growing desire within the Soviet Union for a more rapid improvement in the standard of living and an awakening disposition to see the area more widely extended in which freedom of thought and inquiry is permitted. And so the time may come when with some hope of a favorable reply we may be able to say to Mr. Khrushchev: "We stand at the crossroads of history. One path leads to utter destruction, the other to the brightest prospect ever open to the human race. 'A Soviet-American understanding for the preservation of the peace,' in Mr. Hughes's words, 'offers the most realistic, indeed the only hope of forestalling the very worst that our future may hold.' The choice is yours to make."

"Who is Benny Goodman?"

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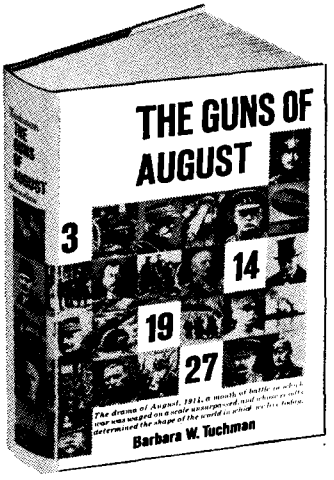

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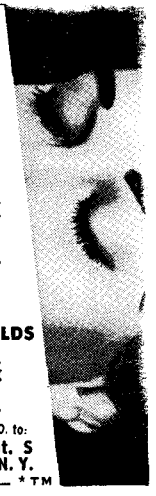

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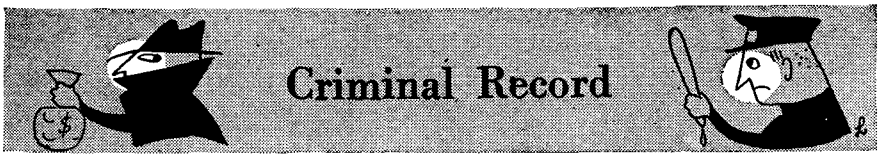

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME. *By Ian Fleming. Viking.* $3.95. This delayed Kinsey Report is a slice of life by a Canadian miss who owes her salvation to British Secret Service Agent James Bond when bullets zing and holocaust rages in Glens Falls, New York. Sparks fly in this one, all right.

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THE CRUEL FIRE. *By Edward Atiyah. Crime Club.* $3.50. Man of property in Lebanese village, hated by wife and grown-up children, panic-murders Yankee tourist (f.); no secrets here. Chief interest is in shots of life in Near East.

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HOMICIDE TRINITY. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $2.95. These three fine yarns, all laid in Manhattan, find Nero Wolfe ornery as ever, Archie Goodwin brash as ever, and Inspector Cramer mean as ever. Prosit!

THE MURDER TRIAL OF JUDGE PEEL. *By Jim Bishop. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95. Detailed narrative treatment of the deaths of Judge C. E. Chillingworth and his wife at Palm Beach (1955) and of the 1961 court case that saw another jurist in jeopardy. Fine addition to the fact-crime shelf.

BLACK WELCOME. *By Nigel FitzGerald. Macmillan.* $3.50. Yank visiting Western Ireland home of his forebears runs into double slaughter; fine Supt. Duffy asks plenty of questions. Firm job, with good scenery, well-drawn characters.

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TO SEE A STRANGER. *By Margaret Lynn. Crime Club.* $3.50. Was she Dorcas Mallory or was she Lisa Landry, bride of today or wife of fifteen years' standing? English gal has one devil of a time getting the answers; arson precedes death by violence. Nerve-bender.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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The Ian Fleming?

By HOLLIS ALPERT

"There's only one gun for that, sir," said Major Boothroyd stolidly. "Smith and Wesson Centennial Airweight. Revolver. .38 calibre. Hammerless, so it won't catch in clothing. Overall length of six and a half inches and it only weighs thirteen ounces. To keep down the weight, the cylinder holds only five cartridges. Fires the .38 S & W Special. Very accurate cartridge indeed. . . ."

THE WRITER of the above passage? Obviously Ian Fleming, Sandhurst educated, English author of ten James Bond thrillers (latest, "The Spy Who Loved Me"), master of the precise detail, resident of London and Oracabessa, Jamaica, B.W.I. It is at the latter place, in a house called Goldeneye, that he does the writing each year of a new James Bond adventure, each featuring an exotic villain and a beautiful girl, a girl who gratefully succumbs to Bond's superior style of lovemaking. But no bed can hold the British Secret Service agent for long, and Fleming's faithful readers (including the President of the United States) now firmly expect Bond to desert his lovely conquest before the next book appears.

Fleming became aware that JFK was among his fans when he met the then campaigning Senator at a Washington reception. "Not *the* Ian Fleming?" asked Kennedy. "I couldn't have been more surprised," the tall author said, over a drink at the Carib-Ocho Ríos. "A most pleasant encounter indeed." And he admits to having visited the President and his First Lady since.

He was at work on his eleventh James Bond (his next year's book), and hardly a dozen miles away the first movie to be based on one of his thrillers was being filmed, with an Irish actor, Sean Connery, playing James Bond, and in pursuit of the malevolent Doctor No. Authenticity of background is not usually regarded as important in the movie-thriller genre, but an Ian Fleming whodunit was another matter, so Cubby Broccoli and Harry Saltzman, the producers, had decided on a real Jamaica instead of a studio replica.

"I find the script rather ingeniously done," Fleming said, "and although I've made it a point to keep my nose out of their business, I've told Cubby and Harry that the crabs have got to come in. They've been left out, you see."

He referred to the fact that the heroine in "Doctor No" had been menaced in the book by an army of crabs, which were supposed to have eaten her alive while she lay pegged to the ground. "If they don't get in the bloody crabs," Fleming said, "all my fans will be disappointed. The girl won't be harmed, because crabs are vegetarians."

Fleming confessed that, for the accumulation of such fine points of detail, he always carried a pad with him "for jotting down the things one sees as one goes along. For the rest of it I use a research service in London. Yet I invariably manage to make one big mistake per book. For instance, I gave the *Orient Express* hydraulic brakes. Dozens of people wrote, absolutely furious."

He also admitted that the British Secret Service, to which he was once attached, was made, in the book, "a bit larger than life. I can't be too faithful to the reality there. Must not tread on toes or go beyond the limits of security." SMERSH, the Soviet organization that once menaced Bond, will not exist in future books. "I have dissolved it myself, for the sake of good international relations."

Fleming writes four hours a day on the average, and settles for about 2,000 first-draft words per day. "I have a rule of never looking back. Otherwise I'd wonder, 'How could I write such piffle?' It's no good writing for the muse, I find. I must regard it as office work, and bloody well get on with it. I use a German portable typewriter. Tried a few until I found the one that suited me. Let me see now—what is its name?"

The master of detail could not remember.

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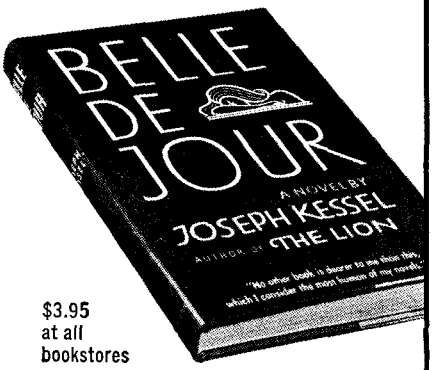
ANDRE GIDE, writing to the French publisher, said: "A tremendous book: its agony grips you instantly and will not let go but lasts after the book has been closed."



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Fiction

Continued from page 33

not even when, though loving her, he marries another woman and thereafter fathers Hetty's illegitimate child.

There is beauty in the book; the narrative moves; and this reader found the period speech an asset, successfully creating a sense of that historic time. It is harder to adjust to the highly romantic tone, possibly also typical of those years but rather smothering in 1962. Most of the love story is told in the style of the final paragraph: "They left the wigwam and went down the path in the dusk to the landing. Knowing that they returned to Boston to face trial. Together. And go on from there. Together." —SALLY CARRIGHAR.

LIZARDS AND LOVE: The Greek islands are almost excessively romantic, and the islanders are almost excessively appealing as they smile their archaic smiles at the foreigners who troop off the sightseeing ships to spend a few hurried hours gaping at the ruins. They are the stuff of novels, and so are the gaping tourists.

Margaret Kennedy has chosen exactly the right island for **"The Forgotten Smile"** (Macmillan, $4.50), a study of a handful of English men and women happily bewitched by ancient Greece. Her island is Keritha, meaning "honeycomb," and though it appears in no history books or maps, it clearly exists by divine right. It has hyacinths, lizards, waterfalls, running streams, a handsome, half-starving people, and some very weird customs. Dolphins bask lazily in the surrounding seas, and it can be reached quite easily from Athens.

We can believe in the island, for Miss Kennedy has painted it lovingly, but I am not so sure that the characters are credible. Kate Benson, sadly confronting the wreckage of her upper-middle-class family, is human and convincing enough, but what are we to make of Dr. Challoner, with his stifling pomposity and his interminable quotations from the less appetizing epigrams in the Greek anthology? Dr. Challoner is a nuisance, and I suspect that Selwyn Potter (Lucky Potter) is a disaster. He is described as a man without warmth or affection, the sort of person who if he found a caterpillar in his salad would say so at the top of his voice. His luck holds out: We are asked to believe that this ineffable young man successfully wooed the beautiful Swedish girl Elizabeth Colleoni, and fathered her two children. This takes some believing, and it is even more incredible that Selwyn and Elizabeth should have been authorities on medieval music. Elizabeth dies, and Selwyn eventually goes off to design glassware in Sweden. It is a fate he richly deserves.

I wish Miss Kennedy had kept her eyes on Kate and let her take over the story. There are far too many abhorrent and dismal characters who get in her way. Still, there is the island, and—fleetingly—the sense of being in Greece, and for this we must be grateful. There are also some very tart upper-middle-class, Jane Austenish comments on character: excellent as far as they go. But oh, if only Miss Kennedy would let her hair down and go roaring again with her Gypsies! —ROBERT PAYNE.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BIG ONES FROM LITTLE ONES

Each of the following anagrams can be assembled into a single word of eleven letters. The fragmentation has been committed by Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina. Togetherness is effected on page 62.

1. I trail a unit.
2. Sire ran navy.
3. We brand Erin.
4. Cry out, Clair!
5. I told ace man.
6. O, a cuff is ice.
7. Nip fret grin.
8. What red mare?
9. I can coin vat.
10. He routs care.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

New Works in the New School, Missa by Thomson

THOUGH all the works were new to New York, there was an eerie sense of familiarity to the program presented in cooperation with the Fromm Music Foundation in the auditorium of the New School in mid-May. For all the changing fashions in aural sensations (using the term merely to describe the listening process) exemplified by Ernst Krenek's "Quaestio Temporis" for chamber orchestra, Stefan Wolpe's "Piece for Piano and Sixteen Instruments," and Ralph Shapey's "Dimensions for Soprano and Twenty-three Instruments," they all rang a series of changes on the old problem—how to be meaningful though new, or new though meaningful.

Krenek's "Quaestio Temporis" utilized a relatively slender complement of components (somehow, it is almost inevitable that one speak of this "music" in hi-fi terms, for it has taken many of its values from extended frequency response). That is to say, aside from electric guitar, xylophone, vibraphone, piccolo, and a substantial *batterie*, the instruments were ordinary ones. The fragmentation of silence by sound (which, after all, is no more nor less than what music amounts to, altogether) was here in a Webernish mode—jagged, intermittent, discontinuous—though devoid of the nice judgment and constantly creative impulse which gives the latter his stamp of artistry. Aside from a lumpish sonority or two, I found the tonal froth rather insubstantial for the amount of effort expended. Krenek, looking very well, was present to conduct.

Wolpe's pursuit of the elusive guerdon "style" went in another direction. Here the stated purpose (each work was paralleled by a series of statements in the printed "Remarks by the Composers") was to maintain an uneasy equilibrium among the concentric rings of instruments whose focal point was the piano. It is a kind of joker in the tonal card pack, which "initiates action or ramifies or multiplies it"—to resist no longer the temptation to quote.

Sound sparkles, or crunches, or squeals angrily as the gears mesh and the instruments act and react, but do not completely interact until the final thirty measures, in which the full ensemble plays together for the first time. Here tonal blend (or the absence of it) is the thing. Sure there were lots of new intervals (syllables) combined to make chords (words). But unlike the suggestions of the parallel thus established, there was no "Guide to Vocabulary" to provide a lexicon to meaning. The round of sound, presumably, had a bearing, life, and meaning of, and for, itself alone. It had, let the record read, a kind of puckish whimsicality rather less tedious to the ear than the windy, plump, fat sound that my ear recalls as the typical disturbance created by Krenek, but this was skimpy to sustain interest in its formalistic exercise.

RALPH SHAPEY, who expertly conducted Wolpe's "chart" (as today's jazz musicians realistically term the scores they work from) was also represented as creator of the following "Dimensions" for soprano and twenty-three instruments. To deal with externals is almost a compulsion where internals are so much a matter of speculation. Here the immediate impression was visual, with nobody directly before the conductor. Rather, the stage wall from far left around to far right was ringed by players. These included winds, percussion, and brass, with Bethany Beardslee, the soprano who has made a speciality of emitting unrelated pitches to order, occupying a podium at the zenith of the semicircle, stage rear.

As I interpret Shapey's annotation—hardly less a challenge than the wordless vocalization of Miss Beardslee—each block of sound was to be experienced for itself, "a self-involved unit of individual proportions related, interrelated, and unrelated images organized into an organic whole." As the directional factor in the arrangement of the ensemble strongly conditioned the listener's awareness of a sound source, the results suggested the aural discipline of stereo reproduction. In fact, the element of personal participation being so sharply reduced, it could all have been as successfully rendered by further reduction to the form of prerecorded tape.

Assuming, that is, that the machine could cope with it. By an ironic chance, the one designed to do just that, for subsequent transmission via FM Station WBAI, broke down, thus depriving me of the opportunity to hear a broadcast of Arthur Berger's "Chamber Concerto" which came at the end of the lengthy session. Better luck next time, machine.

At a far distance from this preoccupation with resonance was the ordered organization of it by Virgil Thomson in the form of a "Missa pro Defunctis" performed under the composer's direction at a concert of the Oratorio Society in Carnegie Hall. As the musical past makes clear, the Mass can be either a deeply devotional experience or one with overriding aesthetic values. The best, of course, combine both in such prodigality of identification that the "common lot" transcends either, and sectarian boundaries as well.

The evidence was, as this experience accumulated, that whatever its aesthetic values, it did not command the "common lot" sufficiently to involve the devotional as well. The prevailing atmosphere of calm, composure, and radiance was an attractive pose, for a time, but I could not find more than a snicker of nervous apprehension in the treatment of the "Dies Irae" ("Day of Wrath") in terms of muted trumpets, a spattering of snare drums, and a recourse to the traditional "Reveille" as symbol of the arisen dead.

There is shape, outline, and content to the aesthetic experience, as such, whether in its manipulation of a varied harmonic language (which finally comes to rest on a resounding D major chord), in its artful combination of instruments and voices (the double choir was heard, variously, as male or female, or one or the other or both, in combination with the orchestra) or in its resource in matching word to tone. Unfortunately the performance did least honor to this primary skill of Thomson, for the values of the Latin text were choked, swallowed, and otherwise obscured by the vocal ensemble. Perhaps there was clarity of sound in the enunciation that reached Thomson's ear on the podium, but it did not prevail for any appreciable portion of the audience. Thus the judgment would have to be that the work was only half heard, and but half of the half spoke an intelligible discourse.

Under its own conductor, T. Charles Lee, the Oratorio Society, assisted by the boys' choir of the Little Church Around the Corner, performed Berlioz's "Te Deum." In a work so dependent for full effect upon the sonorous arrangement conceived by the composer, the concert hall disposition tends to confine rather than expose the audible intent.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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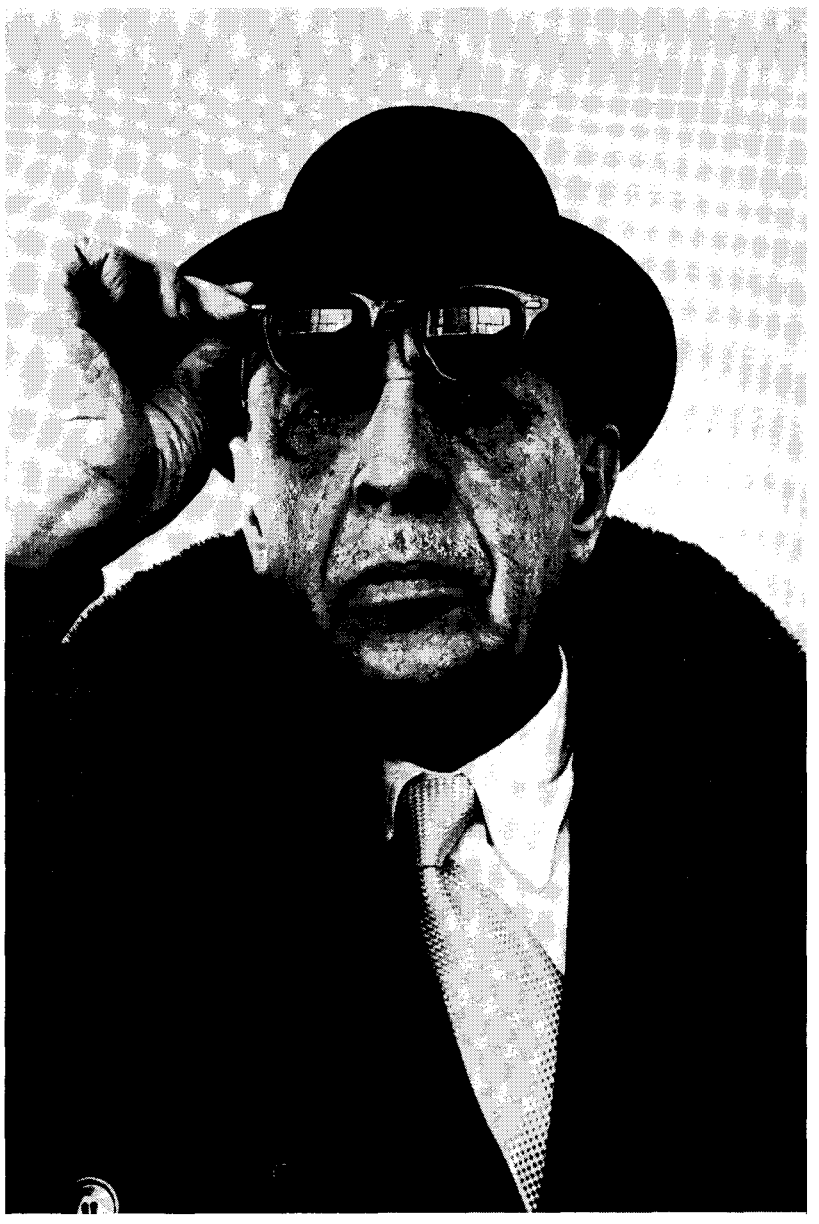

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MUSIC IN THE MARKET PLACE

By ROBERT FARRIS THOMPSON

THE TWIST, a corporeal corkscrew activated by the music of rock-and-roll, continues to exist. The press has proffered in a single season a multitude of announcements damning or praising the phenomenon on grounds largely nonmusical and nonchoreographic. On the other hand, so much trash is associated with the twist that a certain amount of nonaesthetic criticism is in order, to clear the air. In this capacity Donald Duncan, who edits *Ballroom Dance Magazine*, and Geoffrey Holder, the choreographer, offered yeoman service. Referring to the New York twist as "the biggest nothing dance of the century," Duncan took aim at the sensation-seekers and swung from the ground up:

> No doubt it *is* boring to sit around night after night in El Morocco or the Stork Club looking at the same old lifted faces . . . Forthwith, like a cloud of chinchilla-clad locusts they descended upon the habitat of . . . the switchblade set.

Holder described, through an eye equally acid, the sector of centrally influential events on West 45th Street: "synthetic sex turned into a sick spectator sport, not because it's vulgar. Real vulgarity is divine. But [because] people [are breaking] their backs to act vulgar."

In both cases the argument, when shaken down, implies that the meaning of the twist is the uses, sensationalist and sexy, to which it has been put. The irony is that the twist is a dance in which there is little or no bodily contact between partners; erotic misadventures are hardly feasible. What probably excites cafe society is the opportunity to listen to, and even participate in, a given segment of the jazz dance which, however ludicrously diluted, is still exciting in terms of the hotcha boredom of the house bands at the clubs which they formerly frequented. Moreover, the noisome juncture of exhibitionism and nonsense which justifiably irritated Duncan and Holder is happily uncopiable elsewhere. The twist, as danced in Fort Worth or Seattle, is simply good exercise, if not high experience. And even at the center there exists the possibility that, as the twist bums mature and turn professional, their vitality may be channeled into forms less tainted by publicity.

In the meantime, how can we rank, qualitatively, the music which fuels the twist? Quite low, I am afraid. I have studied the songs which Mr. Chubby Checker submits to the public on the Parkway label ("Twist with Chubby Checker" and "For Twisters Only"). I am, of course, always willing to examine further efforts of Mr. Checker, whose real name incidentally is Ernest Evans, but I think I ought to say that to judge from these discs it does not seem likely that his work will ever be suitable for serious discussion. The music which surrounds his nondescript singing might be provisionally defined as broken-down rock-and-roll, and since rock-and-roll is, in the main, broken-down blues, a sense of loss doubly dispirits the ear.

The work of Joey Dee, a slight young man from Passaic, New Jersey, is more palatable, relatively speaking. "Fanny Mae" ("Doing the Twist," Roulette R 25166) is a good-natured imitation of rhythm-and-blues wherein Di Nicola ("Dee" is a stage name) even cites the special three-line stanza form of the blues. He sings the lines noisily and

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"'MY FAIR LADY', 'SOUTH PACIFIC' & 'OKLAHOMA!' ALL ROLLED INTO ONE"! —Dorothy Kilgallen

"Rodgers just can't think of any wrong notes, so his melodies are beguiling."
—Robert Coleman, NEW YORK MIRROR

"A whopping hit."
—John McClain, NEW YORK JOURNAL AMERICAN

"Richard Rodgers need not have worried. He is still a magician of the musical theatre. Carrying on without the late Oscar Hammerstein, the second of his two great collaborators, he has dipped into the freshest sources of his lyric gift. For his new musical, 'No Strings'...he has composed a score full of romance and vivacity. Approaching 60, he has written enchanted music like a youngster who has discovered the unimaginable wonders of the notes in the tempered scale. He has taken on the challenge of being his own lyricist and met it like a professional."
—Howard Taubman, NEW YORK TIMES

"...a score of romantic witchery..."
—TIME MAGAZINE

"Richard Rodgers, for the first time lyricist as well as composer, has written a particularly lovely score for 'No Strings.' It is enough to say of Mr. Rodgers' score that it shows him at his best, with his gift for melody at one of its memorable high peaks."
—Richard Watts, NEW YORK POST

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to his credit seems to betray an interest in learning the field cry and the holler. Nevertheless, the concept of the blues as capsule poetry would probably strike Di Nicola as absolutely ridiculous. Thus, however amiable, the song represents a miscarriage of folklore. Amidst the florid organ accompaniment and facile excitements which also trademark this album, Di Nicola presents us with the interesting spectacle of a young Italian-American who is making good money groping toward Negroidal singing. In this respect, the turning point in his career probably occurred in 1957, when his formerly all Italian-American band admitted a colored vocalist named Roger Freeman who, in turn, furnished Di Nicola entrée to the rhythm-and-blues underworld of Negro Newark.

There have been in recent months a few attempts to "cover" the success of Dee and Checker with a gimmicky orchestral twist. However, like Benny Goodman interpreting bop in the late Forties, pop orchestra leaders do not sound very happy playing the enemy music—especially the old mamboist Pérez Prado in "Now Twist Goes Latin" (RCA Victor LSP 2524)— and it seems best to pass over these marginal ploys.

Although the limits are extremely narrow, some quality can be detected in current twist music. I refer to Ray Charles, whose mode of singing is important, regardless of the rubric under which it is heard, because it represents a hard-won solution, not an unfinished noise made powerful under the pressure of publicity. Whereas Di Nicola is, it seems to me, receptive only to copying the blues beat, Ray Charles is committed to its basic complication.

He complicates other matters, too, in his twist LP (Atlantic 8054). For example, in "Leave My Woman Alone" the call-and-response device (a typically West African and Afro-American development of antiphony wherein a lead singer's calls of varied timing alternate with a regularly timed response of one or more singers) is itself made to alternate with unison passages and moments when the dulcet chorus drops out. In the latter sequences Charles's calls are answered by the special chanting of a saxophone which furnishes solid support for the well-aimed allusions of the singer:

> I know you got your money
> You got a new '56, too.
> If I ever see my little girl in your little car
> I gonna do some work on you.

The composition ends with a series of vocal gymnastics, each as hotly conceived as possible, which speed the ear toward a pleasant resolution. It is also a pleasure to study Charles's "upward breaks in the voice" (the phrase is Lydia Parrish's)—in this respect listen especially to his "I Got a Woman"—for they come to him naturally. To praise ever-shifting pitch in the melodic line, a quality which jazz singers take for granted, is of course tantamount to suggesting the poverty of voice of most of the twist singers.

With the triumph of the twist, a new form of printed matter has emerged: twistature. Hyperbolic and determinedly non-literary, the trend presents fascinating evidence that dancing is becoming linked with show business in a new way—as a full-fledged journalistic field in its own right. Thus, apparently for the first time, a new dance form has occasioned the almost simultaneous appearance of two pocketbook histories, several magazines, and a comic book. To be sure, rock-and-rollers, like hot rodders and baseball fans, had their magazines and pocketbook chronicles, but the scale is now grander.

The most amusing of the writers of twistature is George Carpozi, Assistant Editor of the New York *Journal American*. Mr. Carpozi, who received a prize for his reports on the Mad Bomber, has also written a spate of film biographies. His background thus seems to pinpoint the twist in journalistic nirvana somewhere between cheesecake and psychosis. Carpozi has written several chapters of jazz and Afro-Cuban dance history in his book "Let's Twist" (New York: Pyramid Books, 1962), but they should be read very gingerly. Witness, for example, this account of the origin of conga, a well-known Afro-Cuban dance:

> Some said it started with Cuban field hands during the days of slavery. These serfs, linked together by ball and chain, were thus hindered from free movement. They could only shuffle a few steps to the left and a few to the right. This accounted for the jerky, staccato movements in the dance.

Ray Charles—"a hard-won solution."

Did their partners put on sympathy chains? Here, and in other points in the book, interest in dance history *per se* is only mildly evinced. What really lured the author to his typewriter was the sheer notoriety of the twist and rival Afro-Cuban dances. Clearly we are on the verge of *Ballroom Confidential*—if, indeed, we are not already there. For a magazine entitled *Twist* already contrives to lure its readers with the promise of salacious inside-dopery (The Secret Twist: They Do It Behind Closed Doors!), which, amusingly enough, is not kept. (The secret twist is nothing more than practice sessions, executed solo in the privacy of one's home.) This species of journalistic tomfoolery is relatively inoffensive and should provoke nothing more serious than the wrong kind of smile. On the other hand, I find singularly unedifying the vest-pocket anthropology which some of the writers of twistature are wont to cite. Dr. Albert Ellis, for example, creates a confusion considerably more barbarous than the primitive cultures he thinks he is signalizing when he announces: "The Twist is a return to original African ceremonial dances." Which ceremonial dances? Where? We are the beneficiaries of very little that is substantial in that statement. Suffice it to say that among the peoples of several West African cultures, the twist might seem monotonous and even childish in comparison to their elaborate, highly evolved traditional choreographies. Among the Kanuri of Northeastern Nigeria, where couples dance elegant, minuet-like steps without touching, the twist might even meet with distaste.

It seems to me that only one element of twist choreography can be regarded as possibly West African in origin (and even here the possibility of independent invention among the Negroes of the United States has to be taken into account). West African traditional dancing is, with few exceptions, *apart dancing*, which means that, although two persons may dance facing each other, contact is rarely established and is never prolonged. The twist is classically an apart dance. So were mambo and rock-and-roll. Here is a problem which it may take years to estimate. We can summarize the trend, tentatively, to the effect that, for the third time in the United States since World War II, an intensely hot music, simmering with much of the heat of the music of the Guinea Coast, has called for an equally hot style of "total breakaway" or apart dancing.

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A Propaganda Opera by Prokofiev

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

THE PROPER, extensive, and enduring popularity of much of the music of Serge Prokofiev generally has not extended, outside the Soviet Union, to include either his operas or his so-called party-line music of "Socialist realism." Of his operas, only "The Love for Three Oranges," "The Flaming Angel," and "War and Peace" have been made available to American listeners as staged, recorded, or televised—though New Yorkers were given an appreciated opportunity to hear his "Betrothal in a Convent" in 1948, when The Lemonade Opera Company gave fifty-three performances of it at the Greenwich Mews Playhouse under the title of the Sheridan play on which its libretto was based, "The Duenna." But we have had no useful acquaintance with such operas as "The Gambler," "Simyon Kotko," or "The Tale of a Real Man."

We now have at least a tentative answer about one of the propaganda operas. Artia has issued here, on four monaural LPs, a "complete" recording (with, of course, cuts) of all five acts of "Simyon Kotko." It was recorded by Russian soloists and the Chorus and Orchestra of the USSR State Radio, conducted by Mikhail Zhukov (the records have an MK label and are numbered 214D, $23.95). The experience of listening attentively to this very odd patchwork is at once fascinating, saddening, and appalling. Having heard it, one understands easily why its first performance, at Moscow on June 23, 1940, lighted the fuse of an acrimonious controversy about "formalism," Soviet operatic art, and other unrelated subjects.

To place "Simyon Kotko" in the stream of Prokofiev's creations, it should be noticed that the opera was finished in 1939, which was also the year of "Alexander Nevsky" and "Zdravitsa," the latter a cantata in honor of Stalin's sixtieth birthday. The libretto of "Simyon Kotko," the work of Valentin Katayev and Prokofiev himself, was derived from Katayev's story of the Ukraine during the 1918 civil war and German invasion, "I Am a Son of the People." The narrative involves political murder, an innocent girl driven out of her mind, an almost-bride saved from a hideous marriage by the bombing of a church, and groups of men chanting themselves off to liberate the fatherland. It pits "good guys"—simple peasants, local Bolshevist leaders, Red Army soldiers and sailors and their families and sweethearts—against "bad guys" who mostly are either wealthy or German, and one of whom is so evil that he speaks French.

BUT Prokofiev's score is altogether something else. It begins with a brief prelude in C major, tends to remain in that key, and is propelled along much of the time by textbook nobilities involving, on the one side, mentions of Lenin, *tovarich*, Communism, the Ukraine, and Moscow; on the other by the expected references to Kerensky, rich men, Germans, and people who value their personal lives too dearly. All this is expressed in music that fluctuates between the open-faced texture of "Peter and the Wolf" (the basic struggle is seen as the same in both), reminders of "Romeo and Juliet," and both real and imitation folk music. For much of the time, in fact, it resembles music for children, being the almost exact equivalent of chromolithographs.

But here and there, and often enough to occupy perhaps one fifth of the duration of the opera, another composer breaks through this bland surface. At the beginning of Act III, for example, Sofya, the heroine, and Simyon Kotko, her lover, are in the garden of her cruel father's house. With a subtle melody in rapid sixteenth notes, Sofya recounts the terrifying dream she had suffered the preceding night. Here the harmonies and the melodic line achieve that *diablerie* which may have been the most original contribution that Prokofiev made to his art. Then Simyon joins in, comforting Sofya in a contrapuntal melody mostly in quarter notes, expressing both his love for her and the blank purity of his nature. And the resulting texture is both moving and exciting, recalling the best of "The Flaming Angel."

Other, shorter sections, a number of them choral, suddenly bring the listener back from the never-never land of edifying allegory to the presence of real people expressing *themselves*, the characteristics that differentiate them from the mass. Most of these moments belong to Sofya's rich, reactionary father, Tkachenko, to the land-owning villain Klembovski, and to the lieutenants in command of the marauding Germans—a fact that contributed largely to the controversy that "Simyon Kotko" aroused in Stalin's Russia.

The most remarkable scene in "Simyon Kotko" makes for one of the most potent passages in twentieth-century opera. It is that in which Lyubka, the bride of a Red sailor, goes insane as a result of seeing her husband and an innocent old man hanged by a mixed band of German soldiers and marauding thieves. She starts to sing over and over a curiously mindless two-measure phrase that has a strong accent on the second beat of each measure. When Lyubka reappears later, she still is repeating this exacerbating two-measure theme. But now she is joined in counterpoint by others still in their right (if simple) minds, and the music itself builds up a picture of superb power. Imbedded as they are in the often poverty-stricken primary music of much of the rest of "Simyon Kotko," this and a few other passages suggest strongly that Prokofiev's heart and creative faculties were not in the propaganda, that he composed on and on in a state resembling cataleptic resignation, and that he bestirred himself now and again to show what a master of the human condition he could be.

"Simyon Kotko" is performed with complete conviction. The sixteen principal singers have apt and for the most part pleasant voices. The orchestra sometimes attacks in a muddle, but it rises to the thunderous choral or marching climaxes with good will and impressive results. The recording is full of presence and was carried out with technical address. Artia has provided the listener with an abjectly nonsensical quotation from Israel V. Nestyev's book on Prokofiev and a detailed synopsis of the story, but no copy of the text as sung, either in Russian or in English translation. Whether or not the listener will regard "Simyon Kotko" as—in Mr. Nestyev's words—"the most striking musical chronicle of the sanguinary events *that were later to take place* during the Soviet-German war" (italics mine—how does one chronicle the future?) will depend upon his fundamental attitudes toward music and art and upon his willingness to accept noble intentions as achieved results. In "Simyon Kotko" there is much to be admired and enjoyed. But if one did not know that it was to be followed, in the chronicle of Prokofiev's creations, by "Cinderella," the Fifth Symphony, and the last three piano sonatas, one's inescapable temptation would be to feel, with Hazlitt, that "there is an unseemly exposure of the mind, as of the body."

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Mahler's Third by Bernstein

By MICHAEL STEINBERG

LEONARD Bernstein's new recording of Mahler's Symphony No. 3 (Columbia M2L 275, $9.96, or stereo M2S 675, $11.96) is a superb brief for that great but problematic work. It also demonstrates what a marvelous conductor Bernstein can be, given the right music, the right occasion, and the right challenge. The performance is not without its few flaws of judgment or of execution, but it carries immense conviction, and it is as well accomplished as any Mahler symphony recording in the catalogues.

The symphony itself, to be sure, is full of difficulties for the interpreter and for the listener, though the latter is entitled to expect the former to eliminate many of them for him. "Gigantic" hardly begins to describe the extraordinary thirty-five-minute sonata-allegro at the beginning (it frightened even Mahler himself). There follows a series of character pieces: a minuet; a wry scherzo with contrasting sentimental trio; a Nietzsche song for contralto; a *Knaben Wunderhorn* setting with women's and boys' chorus; finally a movement in the tradition of the exalted Beethoven-Bruckner Adagio (and a worthy heir, too).

As invention, above all as communication, it seems to me extraordinary, this procession of ideas that so terrifies, soothes, touches, diverts, and moves. Musical criticism still is not so educated that we may be spared all the old saws about Mahler's banality, but surely that complaint, made so regularly, mistakes the gesture for the substance. I commend to your attention the first movement's sections *à la militaire*. Of course the gestures are familiar, every one, but the 125 or so bars across which the passage spreads in the exposition are sheer inspiration. Nothing is perfunctory, nothing is conventional in this prodigious panorama of continuous melody. The critic who really thinks he has heard all this before, *or even anything like it*, stands condemned of inattention, if he is not concealing from us awareness of some genius whom we do not know. Repeated listening reveals that the assumption that it is the "divertissements" in the middle that succeed best is just too facile: to me it becomes constantly clearer that the symphony has its greatest successes in the daring and sustained power of the outside movements. It is not easy for the mind to become attuned to so vast a landscape, but that is where the clarity of Bernstein's view and the passion of his presentation are of such value.

The performance fails catastrophically just once, and that is in the Minuet. The sweet and simple Mahler is the one Bernstein manages least well. He just cannot leave such things alone, and his love affair with this beautiful movement is a sadic affair, embarrassing to witness. The Nietzsche piece, which is extremely difficult, is also less than ideally realized. The fault here is Martha Lipton's. She is apt to be just a hair under the pitch and a microsecond late on each phrase, and she hasn't the temperament to make one forget these technical inadequacies. It is part of the Bernstein exuberance that from time to time he substitutes one of his own ideas for Mahler's, and I am convinced that the composer's own plan for the bit-by-bit acceleration of his march sequences is preferable to that of his slightly impatient interpreter.

What Bernstein does well comes off superbly. That he would respond to the direction *"empfunden"* (expressively) at the opening of the finale was to be foreseen, but not the artistry with which he combines this response with Mahler's other direction *"ruhevoll"* (serenely). This is great conducting, and one longs to hear it exercised on a great orchestra.

This the New York Philharmonic, alas, is not. It plays rather well, enough so to make its failure to play really well infuriating. I am sure there is not another orchestra in the world that can summon up so thrilling a sound for the nine-horn unison call at the beginning. The percussion playing has real snap, and special honors must go to John Ware for his angelic post-horn solos in the scherzo, and to Edward Herman for the singular nobility and eloquence of his trombone declamations in the first movement. Yet such things are the exception rather than the standard. Concertmaster Corigliano's solos please me less, their waywardness of tone and style revealing much about the general shabbiness of the Philharmonic's violins. In many sections of the orchestra, phrasings and dynamics are apt to be roughed out rather than truly executed, and the blame must, I suppose, be divided between the virtuosi who do not care and the maestro who does not insist. For those who have the older SPA album by F. Charles Adler, my advice is that you hold on to it. Bernstein supplements rather than supplants, but for the vividness and clarity of the splendid sound itself, and for its own special strengths, you should acquire this album, too.

I cannot forget Dimitri Mitropoulos, who was to have conducted the Philharmonic's concert performances last season, and in whose memory the symphony was finally played and sung. The love that great man inspired was, I am sure, part of the occasion and the challenge that brought out the great musician who is so often and so tragically concealed in Leonard Bernstein. I am sorry Columbia did not reprint Bernstein's In Memoriam to the dead conductor. At the same time I must acknowledge that one can hardly conceive a more beautiful memorial than this recording for the man who "when the moment came, [died] radiantly, with the mixed pain and angelic celebration of Mahler's Third Symphony filling the air around his podium."

Gustav Mahler – "prodigious panorama of continuous melody" (photo from Felix Weingartner's "Symphony Writers Since Beethoven," originally published in 1897).

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From Shadow to Substance

By JAN HOLCMAN

IT IS 11:45, almost midnight. In a semidarkened room, several supersensitive mortals, grouped in silence about a table, glance toward a grand piano some distance away, and wait breathlessly. At midnight, in a manner as eerie as the footprints of H. G. Wells's "Invisible Man" crunching the snow, the keys of the piano begin to move, and ghostly music issues forth! The spirit playing is none other than Claude Debussy, a temporary visitor from the surely happier world of composers' heaven, but he remains—a preference common to all specters—invisible. The keys move in the same way he manipulated them when alive; the hushed chamber echoes with the nebular harmonies of his own composition.

The above seance, whose medium was the piano roll, might have conjured up Busoni, Scriabin, Ravel, and others. Unfortunately contact cannot be made with the two most ardently desired spirits, those of Liszt and Anton Rubinstein. This aura of magic may explain the enduring popularity piano rolls have today with nonprofessional admirers. Our contemporary fascination with things mechanical is another reason, even when the mechanical invades our arts so deeply as to render them mechanical, also. Whatever the source, piano-roll enthusiasts (as distinguished from the fanatics) range from an extravagantly wealthy Texas oil man, a successful pre-Castro Cuban businessman, and a prosperous dentist in New York to a London piano tuner whose more limited budget is somehow stretched to collect player-pianos, and thus advance his dream of establishing the first pianola museum. These men, like members of a secret sect, know of the existence of each other and their multitudes of comrades-in-obsession, if few others do.

Their untempered enthusiasm may, however, contaminate their objectivity. Some have been known to hold rolls superior to *any* recordings, and truer in sound. Perhaps the *naked* sound heard from a pianola directly is a more genuine piano sound than that on a disc, but not the performance itself, especially in terms of dynamics. Nourished by affection in a soil of legend, roll proponents are more likely to declare that the *next* set of rolls will be superb—and supreme—because the *only* infallible player-piano in the country will be employed (unionized, no doubt), i.e., the one on which Rachmaninoff made his own rolls. A day after the failure, a boastful competitor will announce with glee that *his* are to be reproduced on the best player-piano in the world, and so forth, ad infinitum. Actually the differences between more recent reproductions are at best casual, especially regarding rhythm, the eternal victim of piano rolls.

The leading piano personalities of the past are represented on rolls by three major manufacturers, each using somewhat different mechanical principles. Most prominent among these, and the oldest, was Welte-Mignon, a German firm founded in 1905. Their claim was that Welte-rolls spanned a limitless range of dynamics and faithfully reproduced the nuances of the original performance. The rivals, Duo-Art and Ampico, admitted to more terraced gradations. But Josef Hofmann, who is preserved on both rolls and discs, must have been dissatisfied even with Welte's "authentic" dynamics, since he invented, in 1927, a recorder to capture the original nuances on the roll.

That numerous pianists initially preferred rolls is, of course, not so strange when we consider that recorded sound was very poor, not a little due to inferior reproducing equipment. It is sadly ironic that many artists of these bygone days could never conceive of how acoustical discs would sound on a 1962 Hi-Fi-Stereo You-Name-It apparatus, and that such artists as Pugno could never hear their own discs as we hear them now. Another point for rolls was that the magnates of these companies were willing to produce longer works, such as sonatas, and rolls could be

Carreno—"traces of superlativeness."

Sauer—"displays a fiery virtuosity."

"doctored" at least as successfully as our modern tapes. Mark Hambourg tells of an instance when a pianist, unable to negotiate the Chopin Etude in Thirds, "rolled" the piece in "singles," and the engineer, probably the grand-uncle of some of today's wizards, completed the thirds. Now we are more sophisticated, for we can even accelerate the speed of a disc 20 per cent without disturbing the pitch, and listeners may be dazzled by unbelievable velocity and accuracy, as in Ashkenazy's "Mephisto" on Artia (double-jumps), which is, let us hope, authentic. But who can ever be sure any more?

ALL these thoughts have been aroused by the unstopped flood of piano rolls appearing on LPs. About ten years ago, a Columbia release featured rolls of the Welte-Mignon collection on LP, including performances by Debussy, Ravel, Scriabin, and others, many of whom never recorded on shellac. Despite the efforts of a roll-enthusiast, Mr. Simonton, who travelled to Germany to fulfill his goal, the sound was poor and the player-apparatus questionable. Telefunken followed suit about two or three years ago with twenty-five ten-inch LPs, utilizing reprints of the same Welte-Mignons. This series had a wider scope of composer-pianists and virtuosi, and the sound was better, although mechanical intrusions were still too audible, affecting as always the rhythmical realm above all. Now, perhaps in answer to the new American series "Distinguished Recordings," Telefunken has expanded to twelve inches and issued two more discs of rolls from the identical source, repeating some of the Columbia performances, but with clearer sound.

These discs represent a colorful bouquet of major composers at the piano and of students of Liszt, Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein, or Mathias, who was himself a Chopin protégé. On the first record, Grieg at sixty-three, one year before his death, emerges a representative of an old mode in three of his own short pieces. He favors a free rubato often made by an extended fermata on the initiating- and activat-

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ing-note of a phrase, as in "Butterfly." The "Little Bird" was justified by excellent left-hand shadings. Reger was only half Grieg's age when he recorded for Welte, displaying considerable pianistic ability and almost as good rhythm in his own rather dragging music. Debussy at fifty-one, most dynamic in his "La Danse de Puck," offers little to overshadow Gieseking. Saint-Saëns, playing his own unjustly neglected "Rhapsodie d'Auvergne" at the age of seventy, provides a sample of durable dexterity. (He also recorded this piece on a GT shellac in the early 1900s; who has it?) Despite acute accentuations, the rhythm—perhaps that of a roll?—is not always sustained, but one may admire his flamboyant glissandos, thirds, and unisons. Richard Strauss had devitaminized a section of his "Salome" in a piano arrangement, yet this rather dull agglutination of dissonances coupled with his favorite chromaticisms does not obscure a truly able pianist. Mahler also seems oblivious to how much better his music (a section of the Fourth Symphony) sounds in its original orchestral setting, even under a third-rate conductor (Telefunken TH 97009).

The second disc is devoted to composer-virtuosi whose talent for composing was surpassed by their pianistic abilities. D'Albert had made discs far more meritorious than the 1913 roll featured here; his Beethoven Rondo in G is rushed, scales are "slid" on endings, and the pedal is too generous. Keep it away from children! Despite an unsteady rhythm, more typical of the roll than of d'Albert himself, several concluding sections repay our patience. Such are the energetic and even staccatos, and especially those portions enabling him to use his gifts in lending variety to repeated passages, stressing, for example, left hand polyphonies in the recapitulation.

Xaver Scharwenka, too, made rolls in his prime. His playing of a minor composition of Schubert does not convince us that the piece is any better than we previously suspected, and the historical impact is hardly comparable to our hearing, let us say, the works of Debussy by their inspired creator. Scharwenka's rhythm is comparatively well reproduced.

D'Albert's first wife, Teresa Carreño, reveals traces of superlativeness while simultaneously exhibiting many more less-exalted traits. Her soft left-hand effects are admirable, as are certain evocative sentiments in the Schubert-Liszt "Soirée de Vienne." Less attractive are slightly artificial ritenutos and her peculiar technical mixture of glitter and shadow. Her right hand sixths, accelerated in crescendo, followed by

(*Continued on page* 57)

Organ Music from Syracuse

By DAVID HEBB

THERE is a strong possibility that the world of listeners can be sharply divided between those who like organ music and those who don't. Since the pipe organ has been around a long, long time, it is fairly safe to assume that those who look favorably upon it are—and have been—in sufficient numbers to stand up and be counted.

It is possible, too, that enjoying the sound of a good pipe organ is an acquired taste, and that what we like today we may not have found pleasant to the ear last year. Or that, like ocean swimming, "it isn't cold after you get in."

Syracuse University is doing a great piece of work for those who like the sound of organ music, as well as for those who don't—yet. The University's School of Music has inaugurated the Syracuse Music Festival Series with two recordings of the large concert organ in Crouse Auditorium, played by André Marchal and Arthur Poister. Both are artists of stature who display good taste and a degree of technical skill that is more than impressive. Marchal, one is tempted to observe, has been an important performer for nearly half a century.

The Marchal recording is the first to be released by Westminster (WST 14130, $5.98; monophonic XWN 18949, $4.98). It is a program of off-the-beaten-track Gallic composers who bridge the nineteenth and twentieth centuries: Tournemire, Messiaen, Barié, Vierne, Bonnal, and Alain. None of the names are household words, even in a musical household. Yet their unfamiliarity is not to be taken as a quick dismissal on the ground that the perceptive listener of today would know the name of anyone worth hearing. Within the framework of their medium they do communicate. Tournemire, for example, created a repertoire of organ music for the Roman Catholic Church, paralleling, in a sense, what Bach had done for the Lutherans. His "L'Orgue Mystique," a collection of fifty-one offices for the liturgical year, is sampled here in "Office de l'Epiphanie." Upon a basis of Gregorian chant there is a detectable Beethoven influence, with overtones of César Franck. A less welcome influence in the review pressing were unwarranted mechanical noises and some snap-crackle-pop.

No discussion of an organ recording is worth its salt unless it has something to say about the instrument itself; organs differ from one another far more than do pianos. Some are big and brassy, others are soft and sputtery, and even the largest can be gentle at the appropriate time. The Syracuse organ is an instrument of the first rank, housed in an auditorium whose splendid acoustics record extremely well. It is the creation of a Cleveland builder, Walter Holtkamp, a man who was a pioneer in getting rid of gilded nonspeaking display pipes and placing the genuine pipework out in the open, to be seen and heard. Fortunately he was able to retain some of the pipes from the original Roosevelt organ, built in 1889, for Hilbourne Roosevelt was one of the greatest of pipe makers.

The sound is nothing short of glorious, though it would probably be somewhat emasculated on less than adequate reproducing equipment. The "Deux Danses à Agni Vavishta" of Jehan Alain is not only a fine showcase for the tonal palette of the Holtkamp organ; it is exciting to hear—and exciting to see, too, by virtue of a large color photograph of the instrument on the jacket. It makes an interesting guidepost to stereo listening; one can almost see the source of the tone as it moves from one group of pipes to another.

A PAIR of organ recordings that don't quite come off—regrettably—are two discs by Jeanne Demessieux, playing César Franck. London's recording engineers failed to score a victory with the acoustics of La Madeleine, the neoclassic Paris church built during Napoleon's time.

The diminutive Mme. Demessieux plays with vigor and assurance (she has been a top-echelon organist since she was thirteen), and she is no doubt at home on the instrument of La Madeleine. But the sound is muddy, and the combination of faraway pickup and room noise does no good for the music, the performer, or the instrument. CS 6220 contains the Grande Pièce Symphonique, Franck's first effort in sonata form, and the Chorale in B minor. The companion disc, CS 6221, offers the "Prélude, Fugue and Variations," "Prière," Pastorale, and the "Pièce Héroïque." Overlooking the shortcomings, the reed voices of this instrument are typically French in their brilliance, and set themselves apart as the only protein in this helping of rich cake.

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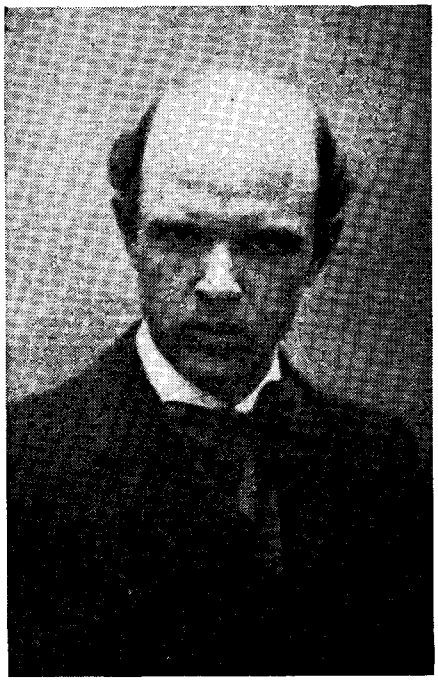
Recordings in Review



Casals—"standard he has maintained for longer than most people live." (Picture as of World War I era.)

Casals, Bow and Baton

MENDELSSOHN: *Trio in D minor. Alexander Schneider, violin, Pablo Casals, cello, and Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano.* COUPERIN: *Suite.* SCHUMANN: *Adagio and Allegro in A flat, Opus 70.* CASALS: *Catalan Folk Songs. Casals and Horszowski.* Columbia KL (mono) 5726, $5.98.

HAYDN: *Concerto in D.* BOCCHERINI: *Concerto in B flat. Maurice Gendron, cello, with the Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux conducted by Casals.* Epic BC 1152, $5.98.

Whether the Columbia disc becomes historic as a memento of that November evening in the White House at which President John F. Kennedy made a down payment of tribute to the future well-being of the arts depends on actions still to come. But it is already historic as an instance—the most recent on record—of the command of Casals, who is post-eighty. (If one is to believe the usually meticulous Nicolas Slonimsky, editor of the latest edition of Baker's Dictionary, he is eighty-six as of the present time).

Whatever the precise figure, string-players who can manage bow and fingerboard to artistic ends at seventy-five are such rarities as to be almost unknown (Elman will reach the magic mark in 1966). Casals's participation in the trio is a generative force in the quality results, especially the slow movement. Some passages in the fast movements are more sticky than cohesive, but there isn't an instrumentalist alive who wouldn't envy his surgically precise bowing in the Couperin suite. This and the Schumann pieces are almost inhumanly close to the exacting standard he has maintained for longer than most people live (Casals made his first White House appearance as a world celebrity sixty-four years ago, at the invitation of President William F. McKinley). But for many the disc will be treasured for the "Catalan Bird Songs" which millions have heard him perform on TV. Appropriately, Columbia will donate its portion of the income from this record to the Casals Festival in Puerto Rico.

Concurrently, Casals-like playing of two favorite concerti, the Haydn in D and the Boccherini in B flat, may be heard on the Epic label. Here he participates as conductor rather than as instrumentalist, but Maurice Gendron justifies this supreme compliment with the refinement and fine sound of his performances. In addition to providing both works with cadenzas, Gendron has reverted to an edition based on Haydn's manuscript (a preference also of Fournier in his version with Münchinger) and restored the Boccherini text as it existed prior to the editing by Friedrich Grützmacher in the late nineteenth century. At some points, there is an uncanny sense of dual participation by Casals, whose shaping of the background is as artfully plastic as his cello playing.

Schumann According to Richter

SCHUMANN: *Fantasia in C.* BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in D minor (Opus 31, No. 2). Sviatoslav Richter, piano.* Angel S 35679, $5.98.

The score here for Richter is: one curiously understated, withdrawn performance and one close to unsurpassable interpretation. Fortunately, the values in the playing also accord with the magnitude of the problems in the two works, and with the relative infrequency of their successful solution. The sonata is a special kind of challenge which some pianists manage better than others. The Schumann Fantasia is a combination of challenges which find their match perhaps four or five times in a generation. Of immediate contemporaries, one might nominate for the elect category Serkin, Casadesus, and perhaps Curzon, with the late Edwin Fischer and Wilhelm Backhaus among those whose piano careers stretch further back. And now Sviatoslav Richter.

To his credit in playing the Schumann are driving power, surety under stress, and a wide range of dynamic resources. These are equally at his disposal in the Beethoven, but he employs them much more sparingly than one might desire. Indeed, after a rather dramatic projection of the opening section, Richter puts aside the wide range of his tonal gamut to work with much smaller values. The result, for my taste, is a grayly negative "take" of the adagio, and a performance of the finale nothing like the "whirlwind *moto perpetuo*" described in the annotation.

But the Fantasia is the product of another kind of Richter altogether. His conception always goes with the flow of the music whether its current is quiet or tempestuous, and never comes upon an unexpected shoal or has to veer away from a half-submerged rock. It has all been charted so well that difficulties are accounted for in advance, the possible trouble spots noted, and their avoidance preplanned. And as helmsman as well as navigator, Richter takes us to Schumann's destination surely as well as safely.

The Greater McCormack

HANDEL: *"Come, my beloved" ("Atalanta"), "Where'er you walk" ("Semele"), "Caro amor" ("Il Pastor Fido").* MOZART: *"Ridente la calma" (K.152), "An Chloe" (K.524).* PERGOLESI (?): *"Tre giorni son che Nina."* BRAHMS: *"Die Mainacht," "In Waldeseinsamkeit."* SCHUBERT: *"Die Liebe hat gelogen."* STRAUSS: *"Allerseelen."* WOLF: *"Beherzigung," "Ganymed," "Auch kleine Dinge," "Herr, was trägt," "Schlafendes Jesuskind."* DONAUDY: *"Luoghi sereni e cari," "O del mio amato ben." John McCormack, tenor, with Edwin Schneider, piano, except "An Chloe" and "Tre giorni," in which the pianist is Gerald Moore; and "Where'er you walk," "Caro amor," and "Schlafendes Jesuskind," in which the orchestra is conducted by Walter Goehr.* Angel COLH 123, $5.98.

Great art has rarely been available at so little per golden second as in

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this collection of reissues by John McCormack. Every measure is inimitable, and, with rare exceptions, unsurpassed in this repertory for vocal discipline and textual clarity. As is well known, McCormack had a range from "Rose Marie" to "Il mio tesoro," but what is contained on this record is only and uninterruptedly the greater McCormack, than whom there was no one greater.

Lest the indoctrinated enthusiast conclude that gold though this may be, it has all been mined before, special attention should be directed to the two items in which Gerald Moore is the pianist. They are among the last music McCormack ever recorded, a few years before he died in 1945 at the age of sixty-one, and not previously issued in any form. The breath support is, clearly, short in "Tre giorni," but the timbre is amazingly pure and unmarred, with or without the usage that had begun forty years before. As for the art, it makes an English text for "An Chloe" sound as idiomatic as does the original German, and far more distinct than is common in that language.

Along with the sheer enjoyment of his singing in English, Italian, or German, there goes, in the other fifteen examples of his artistry, a ceaseless preachment on the relationship of volume to eloquence. McCormack's forte is what most tenors of today would consider an acceptable piano—but oh, the magic of his mastery, the pointed finesse of his fine points! Most of the sides postdate the electrical recording process and are altogether listenable. Desmond Shawe-Taylor's brochure is beautifully done, and Angel deserves a special compliment for including texts and translations of all the material.

Fritz Reiner—". . . to truly heaven-storming heights."

Reiner at the Zenith

BEETHOVEN: *Symphonies Nos. 1 and 9. Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra with the Chicago Symphony Chorus and Phyllis Curtin, soprano, Florence Kopleff, mezzo, John McCollum, tenor, and Donald Gramm, bass.* RCA Victor 4T FTC 3005, $10.95.

OF ALL the monuments in sound Fritz Reiner has reared to his memory in Chicago, this is the noblest, the best sounding, and the most far reaching in its musical distinctions (up to now—he has a season in which to do still better). It is, even more than that, one of the most comprehensive statements on the subject of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony ever put on records, worthy to rank, in a character and a style all its own, beside those of Toscanini, Furtwaengler, Walter, and Kleiber, the recent guard of honor for the older order of Weingartner.

It is, in a manner befitting the subject, a performance whose impact is steadily cumulative, after a first movement which, here and there, betrays Reiner as being of two minds about certain measures marked *espressivo,* which he retards. (Toscanini presses on, letting the inexorable be inexorable.) But, beginning with a scherzo, whose trio is taken, for once, at the presto marked in the score (at a peril to the lips and fingers of such solo players as the French horn and bassoon, but which they survive intact), through an adagio of superbly tranquil temper, it rises to truly heaven-storming heights in its bold proclamation of the faith to which Beethoven gave his heart's allegiance.

Interpretations come and interpretations go in the perspective of years, but what will remain durable and challenging in this performance is the penetrating eye Reiner has applied to the score and the exacting ear he has leveled at the combined forces of instrumentalists and vocalists to make one the sounding image of the other. In addition to the details of horn and bassoon execution already mentioned (in the trio of the scherzo), there are similar instances in the adagio and the finale of a performance meticulously rehearsed and worked over, and of a painstaking application of effort in the recording session itself, which is no common occurrence in this era of snipping and sniping, of takes and "edits." Possibly it came into being otherwise, but this has the "feel" of a recording made in sequence from beginning to end, with the tension and atmosphere of the "live" experience of the days immediately before. (The finale, actually, was made first, the rest in order.)

Not to be undervalued in the quality results is the excellent chorus (trained, if I am not mistaken, by Margaret Hillis, though she is not identified on the tape box). It has something of the strength and vitality of the Collegiate Chorale in its best Shaw-trained days, able to surmount the problems of Beethoven's writing with virtually no shouting and a minimum of shrieking. The vocal quartet also responds to the demanding discipline of Reiner with a largely superior effort (Donald Gramm is outstanding in his forthright and sonorous singing of the bass recitative), though it reaches a nerve-stretching point at the very climax of the quartet's "dein sanfter Flügel weilt." But few quartets get this far so well, or get away with this taxing passage in such relatively good order.

AS FOR the orchestra, it is surely the most highly polished, musically sophisticated performance that any resident conductor has achieved in Orchestra Hall. This is a comparative merely to make a comment on the achievement to Reiner's credit, not to limit the values in the achievement to that locale. It can survive with credit comparison with the best playing of this score anybody can instance (from a recording or personal memory) anywhere.

The tape also offers the traditional program-mate for the Ninth: the First. A little heavier in tonal weight than some other conceptions, Reiner's is superbly sustained from first to last in a performance whose sweet sound and beautifully transparent texture is a counterpart of the Ninth. For purposes of tape utilization, the first three movements are contained in the A sequence, the finale (followed by the whole of the first symphony) on the reverse, B sequence. This is as acceptable an arrangement as any, in terms of the available spool size. But it results in an overload of the take-up reel which makes the turn-over operation decidedly tricky. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartok: Concerto for Violin (1938). Igor Oistrakh, violin, with the Moscow State Symphony conducted by Gennady Rozhdestvensky. Artia MK 1576, $4.98.	The younger Oistrakh is a much more vigorous player in this recording than he was in his recent New York performances, which would have to be rated, on the whole, as below what was expected of him. Execution aside, however, the indications are that there is much about this work of Bartok which has not yet become clear to Oistrakh and Rozhdestvensky: fine points of construction, contrast, tempo changes, etc., which count for much less in this performance than in those of Menuhin and Stern. The recorded quality is excellent.
Berlioz: "Symphonie Fantastique," Opus 14. André Vandernoot conducting L'Orchestre National. Command 11009SD, $5.98. Vladimir Golschmann conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Vanguard SRV 120SD, $2.98.	Command's production strives so hard for eruptions of sonority that the connecting musical tissue is consistently slighted and undervalued. In addition, the quality of sound is not all that it might be—there is a decided favoritism to the bass at a cost to clarity in the middle and high registers, often resulting in a generally jumbled sonorous design. And, finally, Vandernoot is so determined to make us aware of *his* "Fantastique" that Berlioz's tends to be slighted. The Vanguard is altogether a more orderly accomplishment—not so showy but, for that reason, much nearer the musical mark. It is, in its own style, very well reproduced.
Brahms: Concerto No. 1 in D minor. Claudio Arrau, piano, with Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35892, $4.98.	The collaboration of Arrau and Giulini—which seems to be rather more than the superficial "hello"—"how do you do"—"goodbye" encounters in other collisions of soloist and conductor—results in a performance rather lighter and more volatile than is sometimes heard in this work. As it also accords with Arrau's dynamic and tonal advantages, the work comes to hearing in a wholly unified, musically complete way. It is not the granitic kind of Brahms that shatters with its impact, but it insinuates in its own fashion. A decided asset is the rich sound of the orchestra under Giulini's direction, its particularly round and satisfying reproduction—a long way, indeed, from the thick, bunched sonorities that were for so long a characteristic of recordings of this work.
Haydn: Symphony No. 88 in G. Mozart: Symphony No. 39 in E flat. Wilhelm Furtwaengler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Deutsche Grammophon 18725, $5.98.	Doubtless devotees of the late Furtwaengler will welcome restoration of his Haydn (once circulated in conjunction with his celebrated Schubert C major) to the active list in a pairing that suggests compatibility. However, it is by much the main reason for buying this disc as the previously unreleased Mozart suffers from serious overstress on the tympani (could it be reproduced from a radio transmission?) and other shortcomings in balance. However, the Haydn is exceptional for the beauty and mood of the oboe-led Largo.
Haydn: Symphony No. 92 in G ("Oxford"). Schubert: Symphony No. 8 in B minor ("Unfinished"). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic BC 1156, $5.98.	Szell's feeling for this work (as well as others of Haydn's) has always been a distinguishing mark of his musical personality, and his excellent orchestra is now even better qualified to give him what he wants than it was the last time they recorded it together. Thus, it has to be put high in the honor roll of fine recordings of Haydn symphonies now available. The Schubert performance, as well as being distinguished by some miraculous interpenetration of elements (bass pizzicati which have a remarkably percussive effect, accompaniment figures which blend perfectly with melodic ones), contains a textual deviation worth noting. It is identified by Szell as a "pungent dissonance" to be found in the manuscript but in no printed text. For the curious, it occurs twice: as the first movement passes from the exposition to the development, which is bridged by a woodwind-horn chord ushering in the B minor figure in the cellos with which the movement opens. Szell's version has a chromatic passing tone which gives a misty, yet pungent, sound to the chord. It doesn't sound very much like Schubert's thinking to me, but it is a provocative detail (it recurs before the coda to the movement, same context). The second movement is also beautifully performed, and the sound for Schubert, as for Haydn, is choice.
Miaskovsky: Symphony No. 17. Alexander Gauk conducting the USSR Radio Symphony. Parliament MK 1575, $1.98.	This work is rewarding not only for its own qualities—including a fine slow movement and a rousing finale—but also for its being a mid-point in the trends of Russian symphonic writing between Rachmaninoff and Prokofiev. Indeed, there is a broad flowing melody in the finale of this work that either might have envied. Not much more than this can be said in recommendation of the disc, for it reverts, in sound, to the Russian standards of half a dozen years ago, which is to say, when it was vastly inferior to the international standard of that time. Hardly a brilliant performance, either.
Mozart: Divertimento in D (K. 136), Serenade in G (K. 525), Adagio and Fugue in C minor (K. 546). Czech Chamber Orchestra, Josef Vlach, artistic director. Parliament PLP (S) 163, $2.98.	Just what the designation to the left means is hard to say: does Vlach conduct these works (which hardly need a conductor, especially the Divertimento), or is he "artistic director" in some other, more ambiguous sense? Whatever he does or does not do is both good and bad, for the Divertimento is played with accuracy and spirit, the "Kleine Nachtmusik" only with accuracy. One has a very clear impression of a "Serenade" approached and concluded almost apathetically. The Adagio and Fugue is posed somewhat between the very good rating for the Divertimento and the not so good for the Serenade. Highly satisfactory sound.
Strauss: "Don Juan," "Death and Transfiguration." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6324, $5.98.	To describe performance of this quality as "expectable" or "up to standard" may be harsh terminology, but it is a liability, of sorts, for the exceptional consistency of this orchestra, and the reflection thereof in its recorded product. Beautiful playing in every detail, and a resounding success for the technicians who bring it off so well. What could be described as lacking are any fresh insights or illuminating subtleties in Ormandy's conception of the music, which is admirably undistorted, but also a little perfunctory.
Stravinsky: "Pulcinella." Concerto for Piano and Woodwinds. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic, with Seymour Lipkin, piano. Columbia MS 6329, $5.98.	Both works are smartly (in the sense of brisk) played, with an emphasis on their rhythmic detail and a ready solution of such complication. However, there are some moments in "Pulcinella" in which, as a result of Bernstein's headlong tempi, one is pushed close to musical hysteria, in which individual details are crushed into a kind of tonal purée. And in the Concerto, it strikes my ear that Lipkin's sound is not merely *sec,* which would be appropriate, but devibrated (lacking resonance) in the sense that something dehydrated lacks moisture.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 1 ("Winter Dreams"). Vaclav Smetacek conducting the Prague Symphony Orchestra. Parliament PLP (S) 162, $2.98.	The suggestion of "Winter Dreams" in this work may be arbitrary, as the description of it as a symphony is far-fetched, but for those who can ignore both descriptions and concentrate on the music, a more than casual number of good Tchaikovsky tunes will be the reward. The composer has a typical share of problems in adjusting them to the symphonic surroundings but once a section is under way, it justifies itself. The conductor has an admirable feeling for the work, his players follow him devotedly, and the reproduction is among the best heard thus far from Czechoslovakia. —Irving Kolodin.

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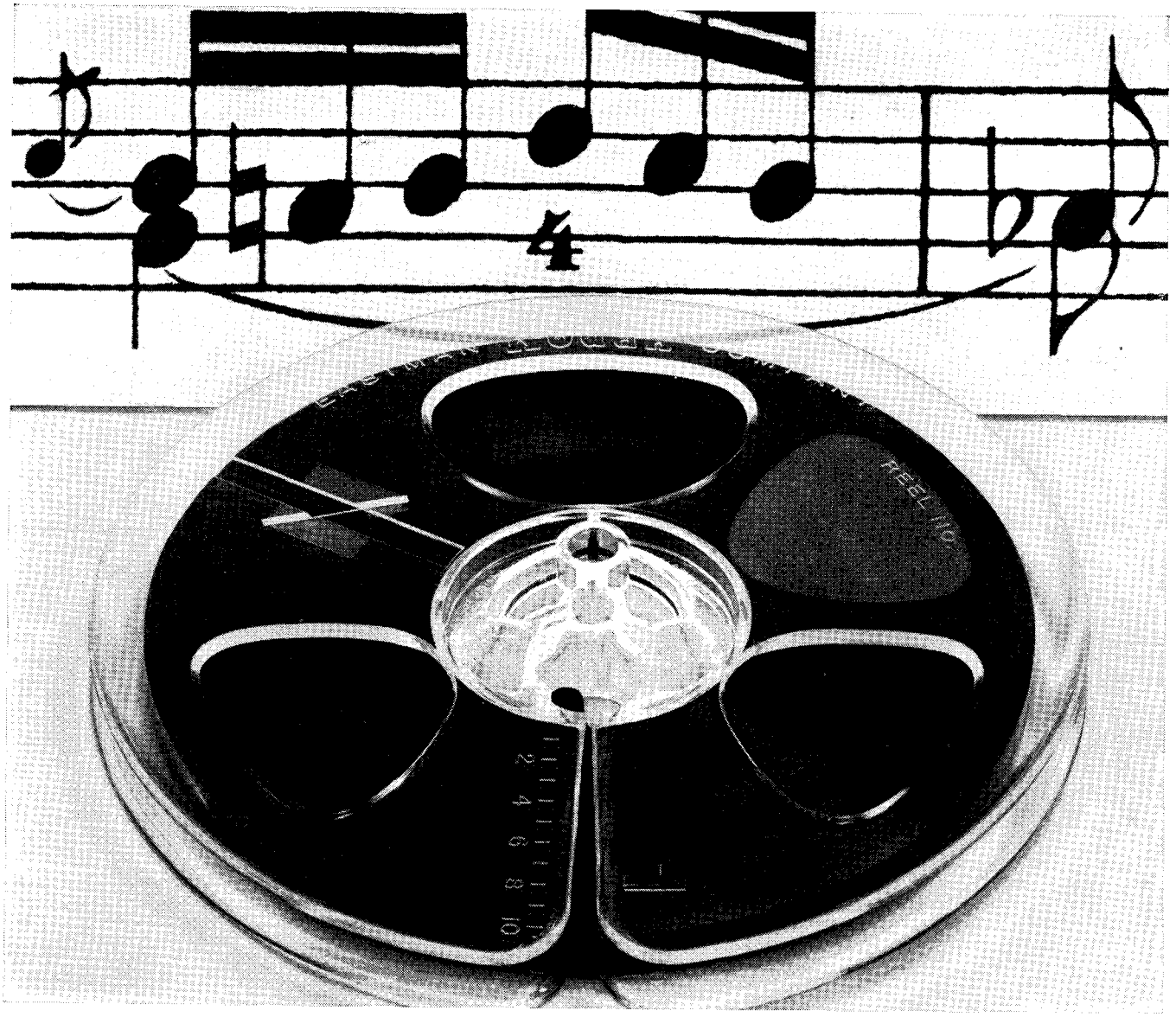

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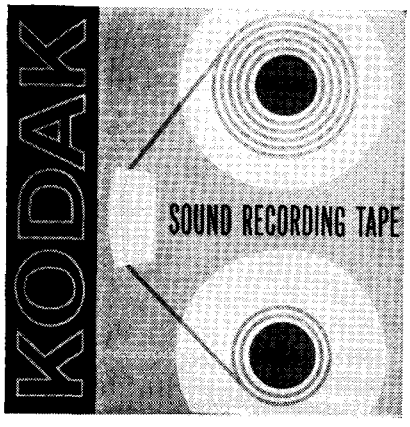

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas in D minor, Opus 31, No. 2, and E flat, Opus 31, No. 3. Clara Haskil, piano. Epic BC 1158, $5.98.	The healthy and distinctive traits of the late Haskil's art are present in all their strength and discrimination in these performances. Nevertheless it is clear that her D minor is less a "Tempest" (as it is sometimes known) than a gusty wind, somewhat toned down for lack of the dynamic power others (such as Gieseking in his first, unforgettable performance) have mustered. It is beautifully drawn, but on a somewhat small scale. But, even by comparison with versions by Rubinstein, Backhaus and Kempff as well as Gieseking, Miss Haskil's E flat is a miracle of exactly adjusted effort, a peerless instance of sympathetic understanding with just the right range of sonority. Excellent reproduction, also.
Campra: Requiem. Louis Frémaux conducting the Jean-Francois Paillard Orchestra, the Philippe Caillard and Stephane Caillat Chorales, Edith Selig and Jocelyne Chamonin, sopranos, Jean-Jacques Lesueur, tenor, Andre Meurant, contralto, Georges Abdoun, bass. Westminster WST 17007, $5.98.	The absence of André Campra's name from the current (or recent) Schwann suggests that his name is as unfamiliar to record buyers generally as it is to me personally: which is a deprivation all around. He is certainly one of the masters of his period (1660-1744), with a remarkable blend of influences (Italian and French). Coupled with his birth in Aix-en-Provence are strong traces of his church training which, however, did not restrain his development into a popular composer for the Parisian operatic stage (in the early eighteenth century). His writing combines great melodic beauty with a harmonic texture quite his own and an approach to contrapuntal writing that suggest some of the great choruses of Handel—an arching line of sustained sound, over a strongly moving contrapuntal ensemble. Frémaux has consistent control of his musical executants, the vocal soloists are for the most part good (the bass strays from the pitch now and then); the solo woodwinds (Jacques Chambon, oboe, and Maxence Larrieu, flute) and harpsichord (Anne-Marie Bechensteiner) are also excellent. Fine, well-balanced sound.
Des Pres: "Missa Hercules, dux Ferrarae"; Motet "Veni Sancte Spiritus"; "Et Incarnatus est" ("Missa da Pacem"); Motet "De Profundis." Hans Gillesberger conducting the Wiener Kammerchor and Musica Antiqua Wien. Bach Guild BGS 5042, $5.95.	The performances are clean, if a little colorless, the reproduction of them in the order of excellence expectable from the sponsoring Vanguard organization. The a capella "Veni Sancte Spiritus" is an especially masterful instance of six-part writing. In the other performances voices are doubled by instruments, in some instances replaced by instruments. These include, in addition to the organ, bassoon, and alto trombone, the krummhorn and sordun (double reeds), and the pommer, a "deep-voiced member of the shawm family."
Gibbons: "The Silver Swan," "What Is Our Life?" "Ah, Dear Heart," "Dainty Fine Bird"; Pilkington: "Rest, Sweet Nymphs," "Diaphenia Like the Daffydowndilly," "Have I Found Her?" "O Softly Singing Lute," "Amyntas with his Phyllis Fair"; Byrd: "Though Amaryllis Dance," "This Sweet and Merry Month"; Ward: "Retire, My Troubled Soul," "Upon a Bank with Roses," "Out from the Vale." The Deller Consort. Bach Guild 624, $4.98.	Deller and his Consort (April Cantelo, soprano, Eileen McLoughlin, soprano, Wilfred Brown, tenor, and Maurice Bevan, baritone) could very well be the most accomplished performers of this repertory now active. For one thing, they are so versed in its values that they are not inclined to distort them to achieve an effect; for another, the voices are so beautifully matched that the text seems to emerge from a single vocal source rather than being apprehended piecemeal. The fourteen items are of one unvarying quality—high.
Mozart: Duos, in G and B flat (K. 423, 424). Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Lillian Fuchs, viola. Columbia MS 6292, $5.98.	Well as these works have been played in past recordings (and the performers have included Szymon Goldberg and Frederick Riddle, Jascha Heifetz and William Primrose, as well as the Fuchses), they have never had so strong an infusion of life or so colorful a tonal lustre as they enjoy in this pairing. For this there is more than one reason: not only the command of the individual instrument possessed by each player, but even more, the absolute equality of impulse that animates the playing together. Without downgrading the violin-playing Fuchs, it may be noted as a special credit for his sister that she provides bass as well as tenor voice with a wholesome sense of the right emphasis which adds materially to the listener's pleasure. Of course, the music is unique: and it is reasonable to say that performances as good as this are, too. Fine, balanced reproduction.
Orff: "Carmina Burana." Vaclav Smetacek conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra and the Czech Singers Choir, with Milada Subrtova, soprano, Jaroslav Tomanek, tenor, and Theodor Srubar, baritone. Parliament PLP (S) 161, $2.98.	There is some limitation on man (and woman) power in this performance, but Smetacek makes a vivid experience of it with his acute rhythmic sense and the sharp contrast between dramatic and lyric sections. Some of the latter come out sounding oddly more Czech than buranan, but the possibilities are inherent in their phrases. However, all the solo singers are to some extent constrained by the difficulties of their parts, especially baritone Srubar, whose "Circa mea pector," with chorus, is dry in sound and poorly focused. As for the work itself, it is revealed, on adequate hearing, to be a clever pastiche of well-selected "sundries" from here and there, of which only the manner is novel, not the substance. The recorded sound is below the norm of Orff from elsewhere.
Rachmaninoff: "Moments musicaux," Opus 16; Scriabin: Fantasia in B minor, Opus 28; Chopin: Etude in B minor (Opus 25, No. 10); Debussy: Etude for Eight Fingers; Ravel: "Ondine." Lazar Berman, piano. Parliament MK 1577, $1.98.	The material has the feel, as well as the sound, of having been hand-picked to accord with Berman's strongest suits, but in any case, this Soviet pianist is clearly an artist of superior attainments. He has a strong sense of outline and physical detail, plus a grasp of mood and meaning. This emerges in the non-Rachmaninoff literature (the "Moments musicaux" tend to be mostly in the midnight-two A.M. time zone), especially in fine Scriabin, Chopin, Ravel. The recording, while not of spectacular quality, is a very fair likeness of the instrument, and adds an element to the definition of Berman's talent.
Schumann: "Kreisleriana," "Kinderscenen," Romance in F sharp (Opus 28, No. 2), "Arabesque," Opus 18. Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano. Decca DL 710048, $5.98.	Schumann has long been home territory for Moiseiwitsch, who might cue, in recalling his long association with these works ("Kinderscenen" in particular), "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood." Even more welcome than the restatement by Moiseiwitsch of the values admired in his earlier recording of these pieces is his attention to the little cosmos of thought and feeling embodied in the"Kreisleriana.' ' No other pianistic Puck has put a girdle around their world half so snugly as Moiseiwitsch since the original circumnavigation (for record purposes) of Cortot, pre-war. How much effort went into the production of these takes one can only imagine; but the results, in control and finesse, are self-justifying. Very good piano reproduction.
Stravinsky: Sonata for Two Pianos; Concerto for Two Solo Pianos (1935); Eight Easy Pieces (1915). Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, pianos. Columbia MS 6333, $5.98.	Together with the item listed in the LP Report I (under "Pulcinella"), this disc completes the six discs mentioned, as of current issue, in "Stravinsky on Stravinsky" in *SR*, May 12. It is not only a welcome but a valuable addition to the Stravinsky repertory, bringing together as it does a good deal of congruous material, some of it (the Sonata and Eight Easy Pieces) not previously available in performances of this quality. The style throughout is precisely right for Gold and Fizdale, who spin it off, whether at fast or slow tempi, with meticulous detail and a highly effective punctuation of rhythm. Balances are excellent. —I.K.

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RCA's Home Away from Home

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

ROME.

IF THE world should come to an untimely end in the near future, God forbid, I've at least seen the most modern recording studios on earth and heard some of the most perfectly recorded and most loudly reproduced music. All this happened recently at the inauguration of RCA Italiana's new Recording Studios in the vicinity of Rome. The romantic-sounding address "Via Tiburtina, Km. (for kilometer) 12" turned out to be a prosaic location in Los Angeles-outskirts style. There, between new factory buildings, new plants for film equipment, new garages, and new and rather ugly houses, RCA's Italian child put up a $500,000 complex of modern, functional buildings that look like the setting of an Italian surrealistic film.

Spread out over an area of 50,000 square yards, the unit contains four studios; rooms for rerecording, editing, and listening; audition rooms; laboratories; and a complete manufacturing plant. The whole cycle, from first rehearsal to finished recording, can be completed on this site. A few days earlier a recording of Ottorino Respighi's "Pini di Roma" had been made in Studio A by the Symphony Orchestra of Rome (with sixteen first violins, among other things) under Massimo Freccia; the tape had been edited, rerecorded, the master made, and the finished records manufactured on location, all in less than forty-eight hours.

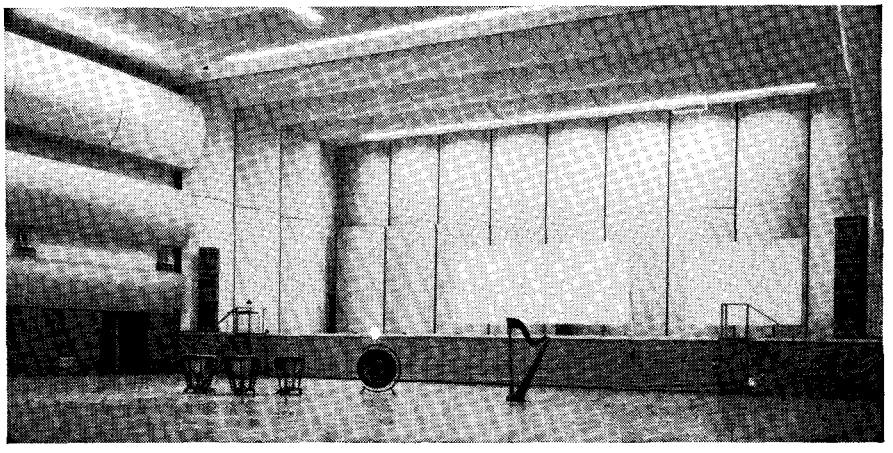
Studio A, the world's biggest and—RCA hopes—best, looks more imposing than Grand Central Station on a quiet Sunday morning; it measures 80 by 120 feet, is 40 feet high, has a volume of about 400,000 cubic feet, and boasts a capacity of 250 people. The roofing is supported by concrete-reinforced beams. The whole cast of "Aida" easily goes into it—soloists (also husbands and wives), large masses of Egyptian citizens and Ethiopian prisoners, soldiers and priests, and orchestra musicians and technicians. Studio A is especially designed for recording grand opera on a grand scale. Recording technicians find it increasingly difficult, in a real opera house, to give the listeners the audible sensation of genuine opera-house-sound. Studio A, they hope, will bring the opera house into the recording studio.

The walls are covered with three rows of semicylindrical acoustic wooden panels of varying diameters which act as the boxes in the opera house, reflecting the sound over the entire studio. Ideally sound should bounce off the walls, the ceiling, and the floor until the whole auditorium is uniformly filled with music. Large semicylindrical acoustic panels over and along the walls of the large stage are movable to create a band-shell effect. The orchestra is placed on the floor under a ceiling designed especially for maximum clarity of sound.

THE big problem was to find the best reverberation time—the time during which sound remains audible after it has left its source. Reverberation strengthens sound but it must never interfere with succeeding sounds. If the reverberation is too short, the sounds are dead; if it is too long, the tones flow into one another and the text becomes hard to understand. RCA Victor's acoustical expert, Alan Stevens, and Aicardo Birago, architect-engineer from Rome, at last arrived at a reverberation time of two seconds as a happy medium. That may sound rather short considering the reverberation time of 2.4 seconds in Bayreuth's funnel-shaped Festspielhaus, which has nearly perfect acoustics. In Bayreuth no singer ever has to strain, one hears every word, and the texture of Wagner's often overwhelming score always remains clear. The music sounds at once beautiful and powerful. Vienna's Staatsoper has a reverberation time of about 1.9 seconds, which gives the warmth and "velvet" that people like so much and at the same time the power and brilliance which they now expect from their high-frequency recordings. Studio A, it is hoped, will have the same effect.

RCA opened these facilities with appropriate pomp and circumstance in the presence of cardinals, ambassadors, Leontyne Price, and Harry Belafonte, not to mention several hundred minor *hoi polloi* from all over the world. There was a flow of executive speeches, liquor, and expertly recorded music. The audience heard a recording of a recording of Respighi's "Pini" made some twenty years ago. It was followed by the new recording made in this very studio. The contrast dramatically demonstrated the technical progress of the recording industry. The new "Pini" recording was overwhelming in its loudness, yet the instrument groups and the single instruments were perfectly audible in all their nuances and shades. The big question remains in the mind of the listener whether technical progress will be matched by artistic excellence. The facilities are here; will the studio be filled with beautiful music? One remembers the new Salzburg Festival House, put up at a cost of $9 million for the greater glory of Mozart, and which now proves too large, difficult, and complex for the production of most of Mozart's operas.

RCA, on excellent terms with both the spiritual and the worldly powers in Rome, took its guests to special audiences by Pope Johannes XXIII and President Gronchi. Doubtless the climax of the inauguration program was the improvised, immensely moving, warmly human address by the Pope who told his listeners in the tapestry-covered large chamber that it isn't enough to perceive opera and music with the senses; people should open their hearts as well as their eyes and ears to really appreciate the beauty of this most beautiful of arts. The Pope said this with poetic simplicity, and more than one listener thought it was worth having come all the way to Rome to hear it.



RCA's Studio A—"the whole cast of 'Aida' easily goes into it."

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THE OTHER SIDE

QUAD, ADC, CBS

LONDON.

AFTER the upheaval brought about by the arrival of the stereo disc four years ago, Britain's audio industry is now enjoying a period of consolidation and comparative tranquility. While I do not subscribe to the widely-held view that stereo was launched precipitately, it did breed a fair measure of confusion and even resentment among people who had but lately come to terms with the concept of hi-fi and were loath to face the fact that their recently acquired, costly equipment had suddenly been rendered obsolescent. Thus the present spell of quiet, unspectacular development was sorely needed to restore confidence between public and industry, even if it robs our annual audio show of its novelty-appeal.

This year's Audio Festival, which took place at the Russell Hotel from April 26th to 29th, was a businesslike affair notable only for the total absence of important new developments —indeed several leading manufacturers, among them Leak and QUAD, did not display a single item of equipment which had not already been shown a year ago. As always, there were countless tape recorders, not only from Britain but also from the United States, the continent of Europe, and Japan, though interest in prerecorded tape still remains quite negligible over here.

In the field of loudspeaker design several manufacturers are now following in the footsteps of H. J. Leak, whose "sandwich-cone" unit—last year's major novelty—led the way in the use of expanded plastic materials; some of these systems show distinct promise, yet for truly musical reproduction under normal domestic conditions I still rate the QUAD full-range electrostatic speaker—now a veteran of almost five years standing—ahead of all its rivals.

Pickups continue to improve: we saw the latest Danish Ortofon stereo model, the American ADC with its sensational compliance, and a bewildering profusion of cartridges and arms from Shure Bros. The famous Decca ffss pickup—known in the United States as the London-Scott—has gained a Mark II head and an elaborate new arm, but the most significant development in pickup design over the past twelve months is undoubtedly the Decca "Deram" cartridge. This inexpensive, high-output ceramic model represents a notable advance on all the cheap stereo cartridges hitherto available, both in its audible response and in respect of record wear; already the "Deram" has begun to revolutionize our ideas concerning the minimum outlay required to achieve a respectable standard of stereo reproduction.

Perhaps the major disappointment of London's 1962 Audio Festival was the organizers' failure to persuade the BBC that it might provide us with some experimental stereo broadcasts during the weekend. Although there is much interest in the subject in the Corporation's technical departments, those who hold the reins of power are at present far too concerned with developments in television—color, the probable change-over to the 605-line standard, the tug-of-war between the BBC and commercial interests over the forthcoming allocation of the third TV channel—to give more than a passing thought to technical progress in sound broadcasting. Thus the prospects of stereo FM seem depressingly dim.

ANOTHER favorite talking point at this year's Audio Show was the government's recent reduction of the Purchase Tax rate applicable to discs and equipment. In the case of discs this should have led to a price cut of 5 per cent, but the manufacturers—acting in concert, as always on such occasions—decided that this was an ideal occasion for a surreptitious price increase. As a result, only half of the Chancellor's tax concession has been passed on to the public. This shabby move has not only caused a strong feeling of resentment among record collectors; it could easily persuade the government to turn a deaf ear to future appeals for a further easing of the Purchase Tax burden!

As I predicted a few months back, American Columbia has now hoisted its own flag on the British market. Unable to use the name of "Columbia," which is one of EMI's trademarks (along with HMV, Capitol, Parlophone, et al.), its recordings are appearing under a new "CBS" label but, for the time being at any rate, these discs will still be pressed and distributed by the Philips organization. Our first CBS release is quite substantial and features a representative line-up of the company's leading artists: the Budapest Quartet (Beethoven's Opus 18), Leonard Bernstein (Missa Solemnis), Bruno Walter (Mozart's "Haffner" and "Jupiter"), Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique"), Francescatti (Beethoven Concerto), Serkin (Brahms B flat Concerto), Stravinsky (a fascinating anthology, including the Wind Octet and Movements for Piano and Orchestra), and several others besides.

Decca contributes a portion of Karajan glamor applied to the popular repertoire, with individual and exquisitely finished performances of the "Casse-Noisette" Suite and "Peer Gynt" excerpts from the Viennese establishment of the Karajan Organization. But this company's main offering for May is a pretty crazy disc entitled "Dali in Venice," a souvenir of the peculiar entertainment which the celebrated Spanish surrealist devised for La Fenice last August. Since the music of the short opera and even shorter ballet—arranged by Giulio Confalonieri after Alessandro Scarlatti—served as no more than a charming background for Dali's visual tricks and effects, the record, which also contains an interview with the artist and a short piece of reportage entitled "Dali paints a picture," comes in a lavishly illustrated folder among whose contents is a sealed paper envelope from "Guerlain, Parfumeur à Paris" featuring "Vol de Nuit" ("Dans cette enveloppe, vous trouverez une flanelle pour parfumer votre lingerie"). This isn't quite as mad or gimmicky as it sounds, since Guerlain was called in by Dali to take charge of the olfactory aspect of his entertainment! Still, one hopes this idea will not spread—but at least no one can say of "Dali in Venice" that it is not to be sniffed at.

FROM a merely musical point of view, the current RCA supplement is far more interesting, for it contains a ravishing recital of Elizabethan lute music by the highly gifted Julian Bream, a thoroughly welcome Poulenc/Stravinsky coupling—Concerto for Organ, Strings and Timpani and "Jeu de Cartes"—from Munch and the Boston Symphony, and Richter's fascinating performance of Beethoven's Concerto No. 1 (with the same orchestra and conductor) as well as the Sonata in F, Opus 54. Richter's marvelous account of the two Liszt Concertos, which he recorded here last summer with the London Symphony under the admirable Kyril Kondrashin, has also just been published by Philips; it is good news that he will be visiting this country again later in the year to take part in the Edinburgh Festival, where his engagements include a joint recital with Rostropovich featuring the five Beethoven Sonatas for Cello and Piano.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Songs My Dentist Taught Me

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

OUR COUNTRY'S music is no longer a sweet end in itself, no longer justified purely as entertainment. In today's fiercely functional America, music is justified only if it either does something useful (like calm the lower digestive tract) or exists for something useful to be "done by" (like picket, make love, or dig sewers).

American art for art's sake began dying a few years ago when Muzak gave us music to ride elevators by. Soon the atmosphere was polluted by song as the electronic sirens piped their serenades into restaurants, airplanes, bowling alleys, factories, and funeral parlors. Now that they were humming from Schrafft's to the Green Room, the ubiquitous sirens began conquering new media. First, they submerged: suddenly, a swimmer in an Atlanta motel was serenaded by the water in his pool. Then they sounded through the heavens as Muzak erected a billboard in Syracuse that sang above the traffic to passing drivers, whose savage breasts were soothed by an aria for miracle-mix bread.

Now that land, sea, and air were soothing and selling, there was no new privacy for the sirens to invade, for "Music to Hear Music By" was still on the drawing board. So background music moved to the foreground as something even more utilitarian than the President's music to veto by: dentists started using it as an anesthetic. Now when a patient sits in the chair, he puts on earphones and adjusts a small hi-fi selector that he holds in his lap. As the dentist begins to work, Eugene Ormandy steps between the drill and the nerves to transport the patient from a root canal to a rondo capriccioso. This gay anesthetic is foolproof; the patient suffers only during breaks for the news.

The effects of this invention will be profound. Now music lovers will have even better teeth than the group that used Crest, for their anesthetic-appreciation will lead them to their dentists much more often than twice a year, especially if they have season boxes. (Even-week subscribers will have extractions on odd Mondays.) Of course, unless a music lover is also an active middleweight in a nonfluoridated community, his dentist will soon run out of work to do on him. Let's hope this doesn't happen until it's time to take his gums to Tanglewood.

Soon patients will choose a dentist not by his skill but by the concerts he offers. My own dentist is a joy to visit. He couldn't be worse at dentistry (most of his practice is now devoted to the violin), but he offers a balance of baroque, classical, and romantic works that often makes me cry "Bravo!" when I should be screaming. He is the Sol Hurok of oral surgery; in fact, Hurok has a steadier hand, but you could abscess from here to La Scala before you found a program like this:

For a bicuspid filling: Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 24 in C minor, K. 491 (Rudolf Serkin). (For molars, Robert Casadesus.)

For a bridge: assorted French madrigals (University of Pennsylvania School of Dentistry Glee Club).

For a single extraction: lower—Act II of "Götterdämmerung" (recorded at the Mayo Clinic); upper—Act III.

For a multiple extraction without complications: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (Bruno Walter).

For a multiple extraction with complications: Bach's Mass in B minor (The Vatican Boys Choir).

There's no reason why this pleasure-for-pain couldn't be extended to all medicine. Eight years ago, while being wheeled up to have my hernia fixed, I happened to whistle a few bars of "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and immediately felt better. If Isaac Stern had accompanied me to surgery, I would have soul-stirringly avoided a $100 anesthetist's bill.

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THE AMEN CORNER

The Curse of Bigness

YEARS of listening to jazz records have made me what may be called a small-band man. That is to say, most of the things I have valued in the music have come out of the buoyancy, the rapport, the fire of spontaneity that is possible among groups not exceeding, say, seven or eight players. Larger bands, customarily devoted less to improvising and more to orchestration, tend to be heavier in feeling and to lose group enthusiasm in striving for orchestral polish. The best big bands that I have known very well—Fletcher Henderson's of the late Twenties, Duke Ellington's of the Thirties, and Count Basie's of the middle and late Thirties—have accomplished something like a miracle in combining small-band lightness and fervor with big-band advantages. And what are the big-band advantages? They are, of course, increased power and dynamic contrast, the possibility of richer musical textures and colors, of more elaborate compositional designs.

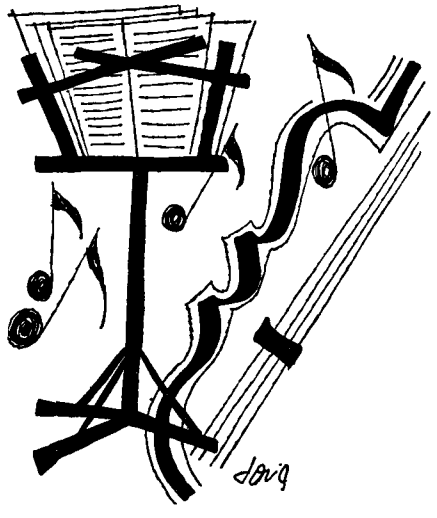
But very few large jazz bands, even with these assets, have produced music which approaches in value the works of the best small combinations, from Louis Armstrong's early bands to Miles Davis's recent quintets. The big-band advantages, after all, have their pitfalls. Power and dynamic contrast are more or less relative—in this respect, a five-piece band can knock your hat off. As for richness of musical texture and color, these can speedily become a great resplendent bore if they are not part of some strong compositional design. And jazz composition has so far seldom been sturdy enough to support the sumptuous robes it has often been asked to wear. Most of the big power bands of the Swing Era, and their few successors, sound more or less blasty, heavy, and mechanical, and their ventures into gorgeous drapery are apt to be flagrant cases of musical overdressing. And so, as I say, I continually revert to the music of the small bands, ardent, supple, simply attired. So far as I am concerned, it might be said that the "chamber music" of jazz is vastly superior to its "symphonic music." I have nothing but good wishes for its "symphonic" men, but in jazz, as in music generally, I find the chamber intimacy the prime glory of the art.

These thoughts arise upon listening to some of the new big-band discs, of widely different styles. Following the Morgan-Guaranty and Chase-Manhattan mergers, we now have a temporary Ellington-Basie alliance. In "The Count Meets The Duke," the two most famous and durable big bands in the nation come together for the first time on wax (Columbia CL 1715). The pow-pow is peaceful, rather than a battle of music, the two outfits combining into an orchestra of thirty men, fourteen of whom take solos. They play numbers from the repertoire of each band. There is a certain amount of ponderosity; there are a few hectic *tutti;* there is none of the solo brilliance heard from these outfits in the past (such men as Johnny Hodges, Lester Young, and Buck Clayton come to mind). But there is a good deal of the stately, hieratic swinging which these priesthoods have made famous, especially in "Segue in C" by Basie's saxophonist-flutist Frank Wess, and "BDB" by Ellington and his alter ego, Billy Strayhorn. Altogether it is a ritualistic occasion, and I find much of the ceremony enjoyable.

"The Soul of Hollywood" offers eleven movie themes played by the pianist Junior Mance and a sizable orchestra of brass, reeds, harp, and flutes (the players, except for trumpeter Clark Terry, are unnamed). The arranger and conductor is Melba Liston, who among her other talents is presumably the finest woman jazz trombonist now extant. She has previously shown a flair for strong jazz-rhythmic orchestral writing, but here she is running into the ornamental and perfumed, altogether too close to Hollywood. The effect is to emphasize the fragility of most of the underlying themes (Jazzland JLP 63).

There is nothing fragile about Gunther Schuller's "Variants on a Theme of Thelonious Monk (Criss-Cross)" which occupies an entire side of "Jazz Abstractions" (Atlantic 1365). The theme itself has Monk's angular vigor and jauntiness; the four variations by Schuller treat it in manners varying from the pointed to the diaphanous; and in the process a number of gifted and chancy improvisers take their capricious turns. The full cast: Eric Dolphy, flute, bass clarinet, alto sax; Ornette Coleman, alto sax; Robert Di Domenica, flute; Jim Hall, guitar; Eddie Costa, vibraharp; Bill Evans, piano; Scott La Faro, bass; George Duvivier, bass; Sticks Evans, drums; and the Contemporary String Quartet. This work is a collaboration between a sophisticated composer raised in the international, serial tradition and a group of players full of gifts and vinegar. It is an impudent and ingenious composition, taking many directions, and submitted to many improvisatory risks. It will not be many people's dish, but I can only say that with repeated playing I find it a musical delight.

—WILDER HOBSON.



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Holcman

Continued from page 47

their light weight twins are most stimulating. Not so the series of accompanying chords which are miscounted, an error of arithmetic rather than a characteristic habit. Truly fatal to the performance are the skipped notes some sleepy engineer failed to detect in the final cadenza.

Sauer's interpretation of Liszt's "Mazeppa" was "rolled" in 1905, about fifteen years before his first shellac. This exceptionally impressive rendition starts with a light unison introduction and sustains the melody throughout. Transcending the role of a mere noble Liszt exponent, Sauer here displays a fiery virtuosity, although even "en flambée" he still behaves with a certain dignity, perhaps like Mazeppa himself. His light chordal artillery, only occasionally altered by heavier explosions, is controlled by unfailingly superb taste to the very end, where a sharp contrast between theme and accompaniment reflects masterful equilibrium without signs of struggle, a rare feat in this work bristling with pianistic complexities.

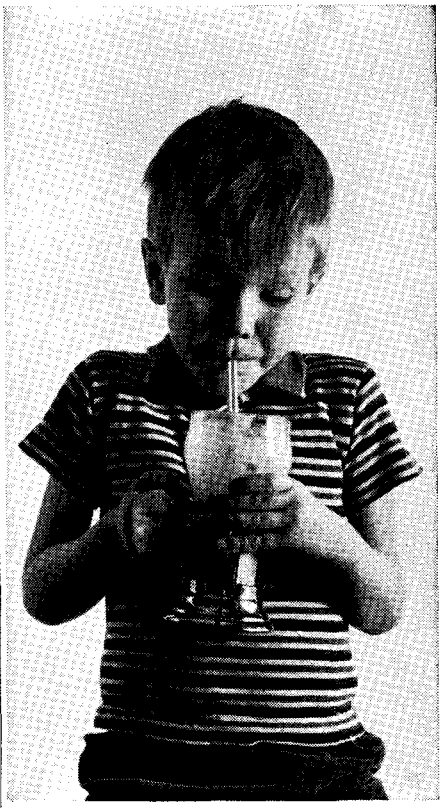
THE same year preserved the art of Busoni, whose earlier pianistic grandeur is available, alas, only on rolls. His slightly remodified version of Liszt's "La Campanella" is pruned of two substantial sections, an abbreviation to be attributed probably to one of Busoni's *own* caprices, as a roll can provide enough paper for the entire work. The performance is temperamental, rhythmically eccentric, and intriguing. In the best sense of the phrase, it projects quite a bit of nervous tension. In spite of piercing trills, the exactitude of his fluent finger technique varies in degrees, although there are elegant octaves that rise to brilliance. Not among Busoni's best rolls.

And in 1905, how young Lamond seems. His unexpected mannerisms resemble the affectations of a proverbially tiresome, frustrated old maid, a classical example which Paderewski himself could hardly have exceeded. Interestingly, in the Chopin "Marche funèbre," Lamond opens the theme in recapitulation with a forte, though a less demolishing one than Rachmaninoff's. Both pianists assimilated this "anti-Chopin explosion" from Lamond's mentor, Anton Rubinstein; the device is used by Pugno on a 1906 record, the very first disc to introduce it. Lamond's emphasis of the top notes of the thematic intervals throughout the march is praiseworthy, but in the second part the mentioned "breaking" of hands becomes unbearable to contemporary ears. In this respect, his later discs are better, perhaps because he began to catch up with time.

A master of mannerisms was Leschetizky, who at seventy-five did things he would never let his pupils get away with. All intervals suffer from the disjointed treatment learned all too well by his glamorous disciple, Paderewski, probably against the teacher's will. Leschetizky's changes of melodic and ornamental figures might have been ascribed to Chopin himself, if we overlooked the fact that L. was himself a composer: these extensions to one additional octave quite resemble the original Chopin variants for the popular E flat Nocturne once published by Mikuli.

Grunfeld plays his own Viennese transcription of the Strauss waltz "Voices of Spring." Anticipating Rosenthal, he does not come in too soon on the second beat and then accordingly lingers longer on it to get a desired "waltz effect." Operating on a higher plane, Grunfeld achieves his luxurious rhythms by delicate accentuation of piquant left-hand chords produced by a silken, semiforte touch. Quite colossal, rhythmically, are the opening bars of the recapitulation, although the premature entrance of several initial beats may have caused bruises on more than one pair of dainty Viennese feet. The expressive vision of the best Austrian Kapellmeister brought to life by this orchestral, swinging left hand exonerates all else (Telefunken 97013).

Regrettably for a document making a claim to historicity, there are a few errors, best exemplified on the album jacket itself. Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor is not in G minor despite the information on the record cover. The D flat Nocturne has been similarly deflat-ened and trans-spelled to D major. Leschetizky's difficult name appears under Reisenauer's drastically different visage, and this writer cannot help but regard the title "Definitive Piano" as a bit loose. As for the validity and future of piano rollism, to continue *making* piano rolls today would be rather like lighting our homes with kerosene lamps. But concerning those already made, there are certainly a few famous composers and keyboard exponents whose performances never found their way onto the shellac disc, and are unavailable otherwise. Rolls also captured a few masters at their earlier and better pianistic stage. It should be remembered that rolls sound best directly on their fathers—the player-pianos. The trance-like effect and weird emotions likely to be evoked by a self-playing keyboard are not in recorded transcriptions which preserve only the more earthy, but often more questionable, aspects of the game. Once the medium speaks to us through an LP, the seance is over.



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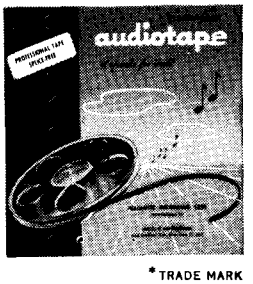

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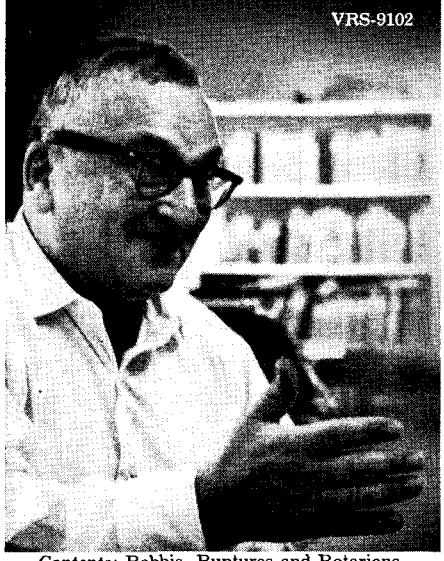

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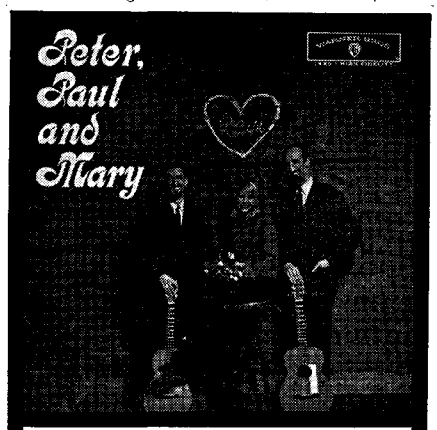

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When the senior J. P. Morgan found a young man of the right schooling, background, and aptitude to be considered for a junior partnership in his banking firm, he sent him a collie from his kennel of thoroughbreds as a sign of favor. (The young man really made good when he was allowed to buy one of the boxes at "Mr. Morgan's" Metropolitan Opera reserved for Morgan partners.)

Similarly it appears that a sign of making the grade with the Philharmonia Orchestra is the opportunity for its principal horn player to record the four concerti of Mozart. Along with the chair, Alan Civil has inherited the privilege from the late Dennis Brain, whose career was lamentably sacrificed to his passion for fast driving in a sports car.

However there is a subtler difference to distinguish this recording of the four Mozart concerti from its predecessor on the same label (Angel 35092). That is the presence of Otto Klemperer as conductor, rather than Herbert van Karajan, then in the midst of his international romance with this fine group of players. Thus no matter how gifted a horn player Civil might be, the results are inevitably related to the dominant influence of the conductor and the mood he induces in these works.

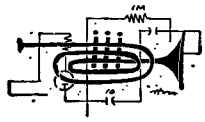
To my sensibilities, Civil is a very gifted player, especially as relates to the security of his execution, the excellent control he maintains of his tone at all times, and the sure musical touch he sustains despite the celebrated difficulties posed by this instrument. But he does not appear to have a notably effervescent or even animated artistic personality, and this shortcoming is not offset by any urgent inclinations of Dr. Klemperer. His disposition to rhythmic rigidity and the dry-as-dust treatment of the printed page induces a kind of dullness that is hardly in the character of these lighthearted, even light-headed, works. Civil provides his own cadenzas for the third and fourth concertos. He is, by any standard, outstanding on his instrument, and I can only hope he owns neither sports car nor driving license.

—I. K.

SOME unusually interesting early music without benefit of a nineteenth-century middleman is offered on a Kapp disc (KC-9062-S, $5.98, or mono KCL-9062, $4.98) by trumpeter Roger Voisin with the Kapp Sinfonietta under Emanuel Vardi. At least four of the composers represented are likely to be new to most listeners, and none of the material is otherwise available. Of the eight selections, only the Lully "Fanfares pour le Carrousel de Monseigneur de 1686" has ever been recorded before. Despite that title (Kapp's label reads simply "Carousel Music 1686"), it is a four-movement suite of dances for trumpets, oboes, bassoon, and timpani.

Two fanfares from Girolamo Fantini's "Modo per Imperare a Sonare di Tromba di Guerra" are only seconds long. In an edition by James Goodfriend, who prepared most of the music on the record as well as the liner notes, they call for three trumpets and timpani. A third brief fanfare, from Monteverdi's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria," is even more majestic.

Johann Kaspar Ferdinand Fischer, whose discography is doubled with this release (his keyboard Passacaglia in D minor is recorded by Landowska), is represented by the most elaborate work on the disc, the Suite No. 8 from his



"Journal de Printemps," Opus 1, a "French suite" in the style of Lully. The ornate overture and six dances, scored for trumpets, strings, drums, and continuo, are well worth reviving, and Igor Kipnis's harpsichord contributes significantly to the pleasure of the handsome performance.

To most of us, if it means anything at all, "Alessandro Stradella" is simply the name of an opera by Flotow. Neither Flotow's opera nor the music of Stradella himself is likely to be encountered today, and the unexpectedly imaginative Sonata for Trumpet and Two String Orchestras recorded here is the only example of the latter now on records. The Sonata No. 30 from the collection "Hora Decima," by Johann Christoph Petzold (Pezel), here scored for trumpets and strings, and the grand little "symphony" from Purcell's "The Faery Queen" complete a disc of worthwhile discoveries. —RICHARD FREED.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

PRAISE FOR PARKER

How RIGHT and wise Mr. Parker's article [*SR*, Apr. 28] on the Ukrainian dancers was! I mean, especially in its accurate historical and political introduction, and in its insight into the essence of things Ukrainian. There has never been anything more, or less, to the idea of "Ukraine" throughout the centuries than just, indeed, as Mr. Parker said, a natural longing for national self-assertion on the part of a distinct ethnic group of, after all, 40 million people (today).

VSEVOLOD HOLUBNYCHY.
New York, N.Y.

LITHUANIA ON THE MAP

AS A READER of *Saturday Review*, I dislike to have any author pull the wool over the eyes of its readers!

For example, the article "Dancers from the Ukraine," by Ralph Parker, is accompanied by a sixteenth-century Mercator map showing historic Lithuania within the circled area, yet there is no mention at all of the name, either in the article or in the legend below the map!

P. W. URBAN,
Contributing editor-translator
for the *Lithuanian Days* monthly.
Cleveland, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The circled area included the Ukraine, but, obviously, some adjacent areas as well.*

UKRAINIANS, NOT RUSSIANS

IT WAS a pleasure to read an accurate, informative article about the Ukrainian Dance Ensemble which, unlike one New York newspaper, gave them credit for being Ukrainian and not Russian.

MARK CARYNNYK.
Philadelphia, Pa.

A QUESTION OF "INTEGRITY"

FOR SEVERAL years now, I have been faithfully inspired by the apparent journalistic integrity of material printed in *Saturday Review*. Notwithstanding your editorial capacity to give proper interpretation to the definition of "integrity," I would like to quote Merriam Webster's definition: ". . . . entirety 2. Unimpaired state; soundness; purity 3. Moral soundness; honesty. . . ." An ample example of your journalistic adherence to these basic principles was demonstrated in your handling of the article "How the Land Came Out of the Sea" [*SR*, Nov. 4, 1961] and the resulting debate.

This is why, in reading Ralph Parker's "Dancers from the Ukraine," I was disappointed to realize that you have stepped on a road which may eventually deny your moral right to apply the term "journalistic integrity" to your magazine.

Being a Russian by birth, spirit, and conviction; "Little Russian" by some definitions; Ukrainian by politico-historical manipulations; and a Displaced Person by general upbringing, I have gained respect for historical complications that are a product of only a couple of decades, not to mention centuries. The remarkable ability of various respectable people to become experts on the Soviet-Russian question by simply spending anywhere from one to ten weeks in Russia should be repulsive to any person who extends his interests beyond the value and make of an automobile. From the very beginning of "Dancers from the Ukraine," Mr. Parker ceases to be an objective critic of the dance troupe. For reasons that are revealed in the proverb, "the road to hell is paved with good intentions," he finds it possible to project his personal, highly biased opinion on a political and historical matter that may plague historians, politicians, and concerned nationalities for a long time to come. I question very much his scholastic knowledge of problems hidden behind such words as: Soviet, Russian, Ukrainian, Little Russian, Galician, etc. The enormous complexity of such problems demands respect for its handling, and not a dilettantish and biased approach. The critical review of "Dancers from the Ukraine" does not warrant any type of questionable political introduction.

WADIM KOLOSOVICH.
Palo Alto, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ralph Parker, who is a British citizen, has lived in the Soviet Union for at least two decades, representing "The Economist" (of London) and, prior to the establishment of its own bureau, the New York Times.*

VIVID AND TRUTHFUL

THE ARTICLE "Dancers from the Ukraine" is superb. Mr. Ralph Parker is significantly informed about Ukrainian history and her people. He knows how to paint a

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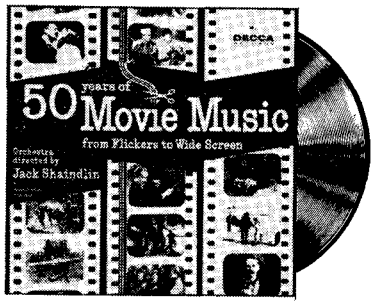

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Notes by ARTHUR KNIGHT

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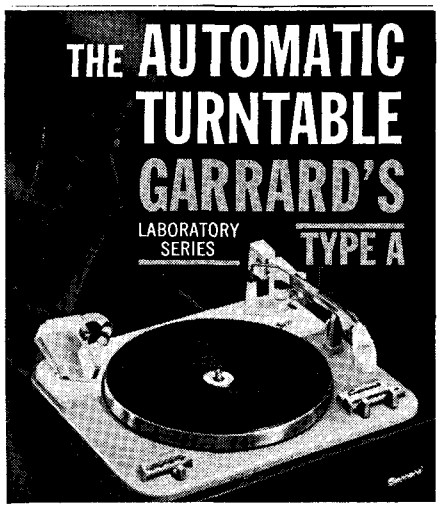

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vivid picture truthfully. Many thanks! Got some more coming?

GEORGE BACHUR.

Detroit, Mich.

OMISSIONS AT THE MET

THE FIRST lines of Mr. Kolodin's column [*SR*, May 5] were very much to the point. It was a season of omissions at the Met, and one of the omissions was that of "Faust" by Gounod. Is it really to be feared that this opera which has held the boards for so many years because of its entrancing music will quietly be written off? Are there not thousands of lovers of "Faust" who might put in a good word with Mr. Bing?

JOHN CAMERON.

St. Matthews, Ky.

THE RUSSIANS DO IT BETTER?

RECENTLY there have been a few gripes about surface noises of recordings. I have another complaint about the records made by some companies. Too many times there is just too little music put on each record.

I can give you many instances in which only a little more than fifteen minutes of music is being put on each side, yet these records are sold at the same price as other ones on which more than twenty-five minutes of music is recorded on each side. Of course, some companies can boast that they have top performers, but I will not invest $4.98 ($5.98 for stereo) for about thirty-five minutes of music.

I saw a catalogue of recordings made in the Soviet Union, and it is of interest to note that their LPs are in all sizes—six, seven, eight, ten, and twelve inches. Evidently, this is done to save material; but this also saves consumers money! If a piece of music lasts only about thirty minutes, then why not record it on a ten-inch LP? Music lovers with turntables will not mind, and most record-changers can intermix ten-inch and twelve-inch records. This way, not only can consumers save about $1 per record, but the record company may also increase the sales.

J. C. CHANG.

New Brunswick, N.J.

Are Americans Over-medicated

Continued from page 10

school, have a satisfactory course in medical ethics, and, since medical ethics are primarily based on the natural law rather than on denominational teaching, this is what every medical school should be doing, with great advantage to the performance and to the public image of the physician.

We have to come back, finally, to the need for a sound philosophy of medicine, to a comprehensive answer to the question, "What is the nature of medicine?"—and to all of the auxiliary questions: What is the physician's work, nature's work, their relationship? What is the role of science, art, and experience; the role of the patient; the significance of homeostatic forces for man as a social animal; the concept of the normal; the nature of a profession? All these questions and others lead to answers that have profound significance and consequences for medicine, especially for American medicine.

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Ideas

Continued from page 33

a responsive intelligence and in the process has taken on the flavor of an individuality that is generous in outlook, ironic in temper, sometimes witty in expression. There the score for originality stops. The score against "The Tangled Bank" will seem to many to be heavy in matters having to do with its presentation of material, which is impetuous, and with its organization, which is often awkward, even floundering.

The milieu of the classroom is suggested in unfortunate as well as in successful ways. Great granitic chunks of direct quotation are flung at a student's head with only a cursory comment or with no attempt at all to suggest a special purpose in dropping these block busters into the discussion. Again and again one fairly hears the voice from the platform as Professor Hyman runs together long catalogues of evidence and then breaks off with an impatient "and so on" as if he had just heard the bell announce the end of the hour.

Aware, as of course he must be, that even a broadly informed teacher needs a special reasoning for reconsidering the contributions to the store of genius made by men whose work has been so persistently explored, Professor Hyman has chosen a subtitle for his book which suggests that he intends to discuss Darwin, Marx, Fraser, and Freud as literary artists—in his phrase, as "imaginative writers." It is not a new suggestion that these thinkers were also masters of the techniques of eloquence in presenting revolutionary concepts. Many critics have discussed the "poetry" of Freud and the dazzling verbal skill of Marx in setting off the fireworks of vituperation and abuse. But actually there is in "The Tangled Bank" only an intermittent concern with this interest; the effort to turn over the surface of language to discover the sources of its richness is hasty and incomplete. Professor Hyman repeats his formula, "organizing metaphor," over and over again as if this were an incantation intended to fascinate the reader into the belief that something significant has been said. His amplification amounts to little more than the suggestion that Darwin, Marx, and Freud all saw the life experience as a struggle in one kind of arena or another.

The value of this book will become clear only to one who is willing to read it as if it contained transcripts of classroom discussions. It is an enormous instruction schedule for a do-it-yourself course in the humanities.

The Courage to Bag the Bluebird

"The Decline of Pleasure," by Walter Kerr *(Simon & Schuster. 319 pp. $5), challenges our contemporary bondage to the forces of science and rationalism in a world that needs to relearn the meaning of happiness. David Dempsey, who writes frequently on contemporary culture, describes himself as a man who likes to be pleased.*

By DAVID DEMPSEY

THE NUB of Walter Kerr's thesis is that we live in an age when it is almost impossible to enjoy life for its own sake; that this is largely the result of our inability to shake off the influence of eighteenth-century utilitarianism (only that which is useful has value); and that the solution to the problem is a bold "letting go," a surrender to the "otherness" of things, which may be a work of art, Nature, friendship—that which gives pleasure without demanding a *quid pro quo*. "Delight is in the source and not in ourselves," he writes.

Like most of us, Mr. Kerr is looking for the bluebird. Moreover, he is doing this without the help of either God or Freud; he does not, at any rate, call out their names in the dark. He believes in contemplation, in play, in a direct and sensuous experience of things, in what Joubert once called "the courage to be happy." He is convinced that this approach to living is a lost art, and it is difficult to disagree with him, although to capture Mr. Kerr's quietism is not so easy. It is in a good cause, but it raises the question can one really be happy pleasing oneself without, in some small way, pleasing the world too?

I think not, and I doubt that the author himself really believes that delight is the same as pleasure, and that pleasure is necessarily happiness. He is best at analyzing our contemporary malaise, the terrible, workaday compulsions that we lug around with us, even to the theatre or art gallery, in the name of utility. When he states, "We are doing intellectual work without having discovered any satisfactory forms of intellectual play. We are expending a form of energy without knowing how to renew it," we feel he has put his finger on the weakest thread in the snarled lifeline of modern man. But when he goes on to suggest that "it is not until the useful has been made in some way absurd that we are able to deny ourselves its practical opportunities and indulge ourselves in its charm," we have, I think, cause for skepticism. Charm? Maybe; but it is not charm we are primarily seeking.

Walter Kerr: "Delight is in the source and not in ourselves."

Reading "The Decline of Pleasure" is like being in the company of a brilliant conversationalist, and Mr. Kerr is that. He writes with wit and insight; he is eminently quotable; he repeats himself from time to time, although gracefully and with a change of verbal costuming that beguiles us; and although he is deadly serious, he is seldom dull. In a word, he wants to give pleasure, and in this he succeeds.

He does not, however, always convince. The role of work—creative work—is undervalued badly: one can be pleased by doing certain kinds of useful work just as one may be bored by a leisurely stroll through a museum. I suggest that the key word Mr. Kerr is looking for is communion, the total experience, the exchange of "self" with "other," whether that self is in the presence of a painting, a beautiful woman, or a problem in analytical geometry. Communion involves a giving, not only a surrender of the self, and pleasure is the by-product of this experience. Mr. Kerr's book brings us only to the threshold of happiness, which can be defined as being pleased in a significant way. In this sense, it is an excellent first aid manual. For many, it may be the only treatment needed.

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Instant Culture

***"A Sad Heart at the Supermarket," by Randall Jarrell** (Atheneum. 211 pp. $4.50), remarks sardonically that mass-dominated vulgarity is becoming so powerful even its most vocal foes are yielding to it. Gerald Sykes's latest work, "The Hidden Remnant," is a current choice of the Book Find Club.*

By GERALD SYKES

IF THE word Tory had not acquired so many unpleasant associations for Americans in 1776, we might be more willing to admit that there are still Tories in our midst and that their earthy, anti-rationalist, anti-industrialist conservatism has become increasingly a source of some of our best writing. They flourish, naturally, in the South—or did while the South held firm against the encroachment of timeclock and supermarket. William Faulkner symbolizes their struggle with African guilt, and Randall Jarrell—more relevantly than Allen Tate, who surrendered to memories of the Confederate dead—symbolizes their struggle with the affluent society.

Instead of wishing General Lee had received better support on the battlefield, Mr. Jarrell wishes contemporary young Americans, of whatever region, received better support today in the classroom. A dialogue called "The Schools of Yesteryear," which appears in the present volume of essays and fables, is as brilliant a Tory contribution to educational controversy as I have seen. It annihilates a current textbook with one that was used in 1880. Mr. Jarrell believes in rigorous *literary* education, early compulsory exposure of the young to Homer, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Goethe—and *not* in prettied-up adaptations. If our children read trivial authors, as they usually do today, they too will become trivial. The road to self-alienation, to the chainstore mentality of the lonely crowd, is paved with easy textbooks. Such criticism may be too narrowly classicist, but it adds an ingenious variation to a familiar theme.

Mr. Jarrell's well-known wit, which readers will remember from "Poetry and the Age" and "The Seven-League Crutches," is as sharp as ever. He coins phrases like "Instant Literature" and "Music to Listen to Music By." He speaks of those gullible fashion-followers who are willing to "sit on a porcupine, if you first exhibit it in the Museum of Modern Art and say it is a chair." Most of his jokes are on the same theme: mass-dominated vulgarity is becoming so powerful that even its outspoken enemies are yielding to it. "When one reads an abstract expressionist's remark that Washington studios are 'eighteen months behind' those of New York, one realizes something of the terrible power of business and fashion over those most overtly hostile to them."

The source of Jarrell's wit seems to be outraged earnestness. The hurt mind of a serious poet has produced a sardonic sermon against the popular tyrannies that have made poetry a marginal occupation. A past-loving Tory has tried to come to grips with the present, with the present in some of its most hypocritical forms. (How much easier his career might have been in England, where Tories, both political and literary, still run the show!) This latest attack on mass entertainment makes its point in the best possible way—with a superior entertainment of its own.

Books in the News

Continued from page 28

torship. The authors further point out that the ban on "The New Class" and "the harsh treatment accorded its defiant author show how far Titoism still has to go."

"Yugoslavia and the New Communism" is a study in depth of the South Slav country's institutions and its economic, political, geographical, ideological, and cultural background. The university professors who co-authored this solid reference book have evidently done assiduous research, checking, counter-checking, interviewing, and field work. "A persistent difficulty encountered in preparing this study has been the continual change in the Yugoslav scene."

"The new Yugoslavia," Professors Hoffman and Neal say, "is an enigma to both East and West." For the Tito regime, "active coexistence" apparently means avoidance of membership in any bloc, but "collaboration with other 'neutrals' to further peace and Yugoslavia's national interest." The authors seem sure that Yugoslavia will remain "staunchly independent of Moscow." Whether the regime is quite so "neutral" since Gromyko's April 1962 visit to Belgrade, only time can tell.

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(Continued on page 64)

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SCOTTISH PROFESSOR, invited to lecture at Princeton 1962-1963 season, wants furnished house in or near Princeton. Excellent references. Please contact Marion Cremin, 19 Ocean Avenue, Larchmont, New York.

NEW PHILADELPHIA COUPLE seeks interesting unfurnished home or apartment. Like musty traditions and buzzing city or well water and back roads. Box X-753.

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APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

NYC SUBLET—July 1st-September 1st. $300. 4½ rooms, completely furnished. Suitable family, one child. Box X-680.

FLORENCE, ITALY. 4 spacious rooms, centrally heated, all modern conveniences. Interesting old building, historic quarter. August 1st availability. PLaza 1-2697 NYC, Box X-767.

MANHATTAN—Near Gramercy Park. Quiet, 5 rooms, available June through September or longer. $200 monthly. Box X-751.

Unfurnished

WEST 12TH STREET, NYC. Luxurious 3½ room apartment in owner's stunningly renovated town house. White vinyl floors, white marble fireplaces, very posh bathroom. Use of beautiful garden. $250. WAtkins 4-0898.

UPPER NYACK, Rockland County, N.Y. 3 room apartment, Hudson River estate, River House. Agent on premises. ELmwood 8-0994.

ROOM WITH BOARD

PELHAM, N.Y. Private home, superior accommodations, meals. Select neighborhood. References required. No transients. Box X-734.

OFFICE SPACE WANTED

I AM SEEKING a small, quiet, air-conditioned office, east midtown, NYC, Monday to Friday, 10 to 5 P.M. About $85, for writing. Box X-759.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

APARTMENT HOUSE. Manhattan—East 70s. Choice location. Seven 1½ room kitchenette apartments remodeled. Excellent income investment. **$52,500,** cash $24,500—well financed. Principals only. **UN**iversity 1-1331, Box X-771.

TANGLEWOOD—building lot—4 acres. ½ mile to Festival. Edge of famous Stockbridge bowl. Telephone Lenox 908, Massachusetts, Box X-737.

SALE NOTICE

THE BOARD of School Directors of the Town of Pittsford School District will receive bids until 12:00 o'clock noon, June 6th, 1962, at the Town Clerk's office in Pittsford, Vermont, for the following:

1. The Furnace School Building and lot, so-called, a portion of the lot is described in a deed recorded in Book 45, page 275, of the Pittsford Land Records. This property will be conveyed by a quit-claim deed.
2. The Hudson School Building, so-called, situated on premises described in a deed dated November 3rd, 1835, recorded in Book 15, page 327, of the Pittsford Land Records. This building will be conveyed by quit-claim Bill of Sale. The building shall be removed within 90 days from the date of sale.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MADISON AVENUE, NYC, Art Gallery wants associate. Match moderate investment. Box X-748.

CAMPS

WINOOSKI—A unique learning experience for high school juniors and seniors who like to work with children and who want to prepare themselves to be camp counselors, settlement-house workers, youth leaders in church groups, recreation supervisors, or teachers of arts and crafts. Program combines instruction in group leadership and crafts with responsibility for supervising recreation in several small communities near the Goddard College campus. WINOOSKI is coeducational, its members carefully chosen for their interest, demonstrated ability, potential as group leaders, and seriousness of purpose. June 30th to August 24th, 1962. GODDARD COLLEGE, Plainfield, Vermont.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children 6 to 17, unique combination of family life, music, arts, fun. Professional instructors. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey.

VERMONT FARM CAMP—Riding, swimming, camp and dairy farm activities. Girls, ages 8-13. Johnston, RFD 1, Ludlow, Vermont.

VACATIONS

ROCKPORT. You will love this photoscenic year 'round New England seacoast town. Sea birds, flowers, the leisurely pace, rockbound coast and clear, crisp air appeal to artists, photographers and vacationers. For free guidebook write: Board of Trade, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

RELAX HAPPILY . . . by the sea at one of New England's foremost resort hotels. Swimming pool, beach. Exceptional meals. Open June 26th. Color folder. The LOOKOUT, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA—Enjoy scenic grandeur at Crossroads of White Mountains. Twin Mountain, Bretton Woods, Crawford Notch, Fabyans. For free illustrated folder write Board of Trade, Twin Mountain 12, New Hampshire.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

INTANGIBLES, REFRESHINGLY MAINE. Art and theatre minded meet at Hillcrest Inn. Brochure. Hilda, Phil Richards, Shore Road, Ogunquit, Maine.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn. All sports on our 250 acre estate. Informal social events. $12-$18 day includes meals. Open all year. Recommended by AAA. Color folder, reservations write Edwin Finch, Resident Manager, The Northfield, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Lake breezes, shaded lawns, spacious rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lover's paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

READY TO RELAX and enjoy Spring on eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay? Land of pleasant living, 150 acre farm on water, family style meals. American plan $45.00-$52.00, $8.00-$10.00. Real estate available. Harpers, The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

THROUGH YOUR OPEN WINDOW at the Crestmont, view the Lake of the Eagles and listen to the sigh of wind over endless unspoiled mountains. Cordial, friendly people. Directors for tots and teens; lake fishing, boating, swimming, golf, tennis, dancing, theatre and concerts. Write for color folder—Crestmont Inn, 223 Lake Drive, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania.

IF YOU LIKE LAKES in a mountain setting, you'll like Holl's Inn! If you like lovely, spacious guest rooms with maximum privacy, you'll like Holl's Inn! If you like delicious food with gracious service, you'll like Holl's Inn! If you like wines and cocktails, you'll like the old world atmosphere of the cocktail lounge! 150 acres on beautiful Fourth Lake in the Adirondack Mountains. Delightful for family vacations. Sailing, swimming, tennis, golf. Professionally managed since 1935. For rates and color folder, address: Oscar Holl, Inlet, N.Y. Phone Eagle Bay 2941.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the *Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood* folders, yes.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 2, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art Colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

CREATIVE PEOPLE, NATURE LOVERS: Find peace, quiet, summer-fall beauty, charming old-world home, individualized cooking. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y.

VACATIONS

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTEL, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. Folder.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open mid-June to mid-September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 29th-October 15th. Color folder.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New *England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates.* Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

SOONER OR LATER everyone you know and like turns up at Jeronimo's. Delightful family resort 75 miles from NYC. Free riding, free golf, extraordinary eating. Great for a relaxed weekend. With or without (kids). Brochure. The Jeronimo, Walker Valley, N.Y.

SPRING on nearby farms and hotels for families. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open Summer and Winter. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

FAMILY VACATION! *Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee,* Vermont. Child sleeps with parents or in camp (2-16 years). Swimming, sports, trips. Free pony riding. Excellent food. Golf nearby. Booklet. Mrs. Harriet Gulick Pierce, Box S, 531 East 20th, New York 10. GRamercy 3-0222.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightful informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. AAA. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

MANSFIELD FARM, Londonderry, Vermont. Hilltop 18th century modernized brick home, elevation 1,600 feet. Mountain panorama, fireplaces, books, flower and vegetable gardens. Excellent food. Peace and quiet. Write, or phone, VAlley 4-5207.

WATCH IT. N.J. State Police are very understanding, *but they will not accept eagerness to get here as* an excuse for speeding. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If you live within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

GROWING PAEANS from former guests impel us humbly to suggest The Island Inn, Box O, Monhegan Island, Maine.

(Continued on page 66)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

TRUE TASTE OF THE TROPICS in San Juan: The Duffys' Guest House by the Sea. Excellent beach, charming bar, or do as you please. Low rates. Box 12232, Loiza Station, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

LOSE YOURSELF at Snow Mountain Inn, West Dover, Vermont, in the warmth of '62. New pool, tennis, music festivals. Write for brochure beyond words.

THE FALES, Williamstown, Massachusetts. Secluded cottages with fireplaces, excellent food.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish Cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, Tennis, Beach, Skiing. Couples, Families $88+ weekly. DEwey 9-5730 NYC.

VACATION WITH A PURPOSE—Join with Senator Proxmire, Morris Rubin, Ralph Abernathy, Dagmar Wilson, Anatoli Kireev, First Secretary, Soviet Embassy, others. Search for constructive answers to world problems, July 14th-21st, on beautiful Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Excellent food, recreation, children's program, inexpensive. Write: American Friends Service Committee, 431 S. Dearborn, Chicago 5, Illinois.

LAKE SHORE FARM—No hectic "organized" activities but plenty to do here or nearby. Northwood Narrows, N.H.

MOUNTAIN IDYLL. 220 acres. 4 apartments. WEDGEWOOD, Canadensis, Pennsylvania.

IF I WERE A LOBSTER . . . I'd put out a few feelers on how to get away from the broiled city waters. It'd be worth shelling out a bit to bask in the cool Montauk waters around Gurney's Inn. It could prevent a crack-up . . . after all, even a crustacean needs a little fun. If you're people, why not join the marines and get away from it all . . . the ten-legged seafarers mentioned above, that is. Stretch your legs for Gurney's Inn. Luxurious hostelry, private oceanside cottages, and crackin' good cuisine . . . including a sumptuous variety of lobster creations. Write Dept. S-10, Gurney's Inn, "On the Brink O' the Beach," Montauk, L.I., MOntauk 8-2345.

BOOT AND RACQUET RANCH, Elgin, Arizona. Great tennis; superb riding; 5,200' elevation in mountains makes ideal summer climate. Excellent facilities available. Brochure.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Delightful vacationland in a secluded setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, sandy beach. Excellent food, accommodations and genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

GULF TIDES BEACH APARTMENTS. Delightful—Cool, summer atmosphere on tropical Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232. Open May 25th.

LOAF OR PLAY at picturesque American Plan resort on small lake in famous Rangeley Lakes Region. Write for color brochure. Saddleback Lake Lodge, Rangeley 5, Maine.

JUNE IN PEACE—Writers and readers, hikers, sunners and sitters; luxuriate in the tranquillity of our breezy, sunny, hilltop terrace, our shaded lanes, the simple beauty and the peace, sweet peace of Southern Vermont's finest country inn. Only 4½ hours from New York, 15 minutes from Marlboro. Spacious rooms and lounges, fine food, next-to-nothing pre-season rates. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Painters, writers, naturalists, lovers of privacy—housekeeping cottages available. Write: "Horizon Murals," Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

BELGRADE. Seven large, crystal-clear lakes. 400 square miles of woodland, streams and countryside. Good fishing, vacationing, fall hunting. Write for free booklet. Specify accommodations desired and when. Belgrade Lakes Region, Inc., Belgrade 7, Maine.

LAMKIN LODGE, Good Hart, Michigan. Distinctive American Plan Summer Resort on Lake Michigan's Shores. Brochure Available.

DEPENDABLE WEATHER among other simple luxuries at our beach cottage colony in St. Croix. Village at Cane Bay, Christiansted, Virgin Islands.

VACATIONS

YOUR KIND OF PLACE? They say we are unique for Tanglewood area. Maine-like rustic Lodge, cottages, private cabins. Deep woods, glorious lake, 50 literate people, house party atmosphere, outdoor Hi-Fi, square dancing, unorganized sports, more. Not really a resort, but a "way of life" kind of thing. Probably your cup of tea. Straightforward folder. Chanterwood, "Berkshire Hideaway," Lee, Massachusetts.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

AKERMAN HOUSE. Newfound Lake. Real hospitality in a country setting. Near sandy bathing beaches. Ideal for families. Some rooms with bath. Reasonable rates include three delicious meals daily. Bristol, New Hampshire. Telephone 4-5734.

FORTYISH OR MORE? Exquisite loafing in beautiful Pocono Mountains. Private lake, swimming pool, varied activities, wonderful cuisine. 72nd season. Color brochure S. The Woodside, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Brochure. Victor 6-4059.

PISGAH FOREST INN. High, cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Phone Asheville 253-0771. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

YOU'LL LOVE Sky Lodge & Motel . . . informal, complete resort. Pool, golf, excellent food, cocktail lounge. 2 miles north of Jackman. Ed Landgraf, Moose River, Maine.

BRANDON INN, on village green near library. Real New England food. Elevator. Restful 2-acre garden lawn. Folder. Brandon 2, Vermont.

MIRROR LAKE INN and lakeshore cottages, Lake Placid, N.Y. Private Beach, Tennis, Game Room, Gourmet Food, Art Groups. Write for Folder R.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. American Plan or housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

SEASHORE? Colonial Inn. Elevator. Informal. Hotel and Motel. Folder. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

TRAVEL

STAY IN THE HEART OF SMART NEW YORK . . . at the famous Beekman Tower Hotel. It's near everything—United Nations, midtown shops, just a short bus ride for the theatres. Rates are moderate, accommodations delightful. Enjoy cocktails in the Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge—26 stories high in the sky—and delicious food in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath from $7.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for the SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

AROUND THE WORLD via South Pacific. 58 days departing October 8th by air. Escorted, limited to 15 members. Highlights: Egypt, India, Nepal, Thailand, Bali. New Zealand, Fiji, Tahiti, Bora Bora. $3,390. Brochure: Six Continents Tours, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

TRAVEL

INSIDE JAPAN. Meet the people; see the real Japan. 3 weeks: $1,218 from West coast. American Ambassador Tours, 30 West Washington, Chicago 2-B, Illinois.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES — Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skindiving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast — $175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

VIRGIN ISLANDS, U.S.A. Enjoy your Caribbean Holiday on the beautiful seaside terraces of famous Grapetree Bay, St. Croix. All resort facilities and special rates at $5-$7 daily until November 30th.

BERMUDA a la carte. A holiday on Great Britain's loveliest island colony can be sheer delight any time of the year. Take your pick—a balcony on the lovely South Shore, your suite beside a garden pool, a cottage with an ever-changing panorama of land and sea, a housekeeping apartment overlooking Hamilton's picturesque harbor. The choice is yours. . . . Horizons, Newstead or Waterloo House—three of the island's most distinguished town and country hotels. Wherever you stay, you have privileges of golf, tennis and Bermuda's most fashionable beach. For rates and information call your travel agent or our International Representative, Robert F. Warner, Inc., New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Toronto and London.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 19th edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 106 pages fully illustrated, price $2.50 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT all months except August and September. Windward and Leeward Islands. Summer trade wind cool and calm, comfortable craft, congenial Captains, cordial crews, conservative cost. Cable or correspond (airmail). V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., Box 103, Antigua, The West Indies.

ANTIGUA . . . Nelson's Old Naval Dockyard. THE ADMIRAL'S INN—small, friendly—Old world atmosphere in unspoiled setting—Temperate summer climate, spectacular scenery—Boating center of the Caribbean. Handsome 200-year-old brick building, modern comforts. Low summer rates. Cable or airmail Box 103, Antigua, W.I.

LAST CHANCE. EUROPEAN TOUR. Eleven countries. Carefully arranged. July 17th. About 5½ weeks. All-inclusive, $987. Dr. Sharton's Transatlantic Tours, 1148 W. North Shore Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois. Telephone RO 4-1657.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and get our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M.L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

MEXICO FOR LESS—Special Summer Tour. Congenial group, comprehensive itinerary, expertly conducted by Prof. Paul Waldorf, Ph.D. From $270. 21 days in Mexico. Leaving July 25th. For details write: Lutes Travel Specialists, Box 750, Mankato, Minnesota.

SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION. Pine-clad mountains surround Maine's most accessible lakes. Seacoast cities nearby. Magazine in color free. Sebago-Long Lakes Association, Sebago Lake 16, Maine.

THE WORLD'S FAIR city is Seattle the Beautiful. And everybody's talking about the Fair! Now: Hotel-apartments—new, overlooking lakes, mountains, Fair, docked luxury liner. New hotel, August. $15-$30 for two. Send $25 deposit, dates. Tours: Fair grounds, Northwest. Air-Sea-Land Travel Service, 1902 2nd, Seattle, Washington.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1469

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To make public something which might have been kept back, concealed, secret.	166 50 178 162 97 113 22 26 158 174 2
B. Literary form of a language called "New Norwegian".	72 160 34 168 141 111 29 16 89
C. Phrase often used in cookbooks for smallest amount. (2 wds.).	124 142 136 82 170 128
D. German bacteriologist (important studies in pollution; 1857-1911).	38 125 71 96 47 148 172 53 1
E. Made of, or the color of, an important cereal grain.	74 63 79 35 150 179 58
F. German musician, succeeded Liszt as opera dir. at Weimar, 1861.	110 75 143 146 140 127
G. Obliterate.	107 12 15 123 154 88 92
H. Wicked (rare).	32 137 42 80 14 147
I. Decorated with or growing in clusters.	10 102 41 132 9 61
J. State of something soaked with any liquid.	161 134 83 46 149 33 30
K. Imperceptible to the touch.	52 157 62 13 17 155 90 77 103 73

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Physical member Biblically supposed to be kept in partial ignorance (2 wds.).	138 64 145 81 152 175 6 39
M. Make on a sudden.	109 171 66 130 40 139 144 76 115
N. Diagramed formulae.	165 98 177 36 18 120
O. The shore pine (comp.).	8 70 151 85 135 95 49 59 169 54
P. Chief word in the maiden name of Josephine de Beauharnais.	93 84 27 101 133 4 118
Q. Having either a sharp-pointed snout, or an acute sense of smell.	24 48 159 116 94 100 87 67
R. Brief interval of brightness.	108 51 163 68 91 117 106
S. Amphibole.	44 57 78 167 122 131 55 60 21 28
T. Pertaining to snakes; snakelike.	119 37 114 86 56 153 156 25
U. Drooping.	164 126 43 19 173 104
V. Add more sugar than is customary in something else.	31 129 99 65 176 11 121 7 45 20
W. Satisfy again.	3 23 112 105 5 69

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 D	2 A	3 W	4 P		5 W	6 L		7 V	8 O	9 I		10 I
11 V	12 G	13 K	14 H		15 G	16 B	17 K	18 N	19 U	20 V	21 S	22 A	23 W		24 Q	25 T
26 A		27 P	28 S	29 B	30 J	31 V	32 H		33 J	34 B	35 E	36 N	37 T	38 D	39 L	
40 M	41 I	42 H		43 U	44 S	45 V		46 J	47 D	48 Q	49 O		50 A	51 R	52 K	53 D
54 O	55 S	56 T		57 S	58 E		59 O	60 S	61 I		62 K	63 E	64 L		65 V	66 M
67 Q	68 R	69 W	70 O	71 D	72 B	73 K		74 E	75 F	76 M		77 K	78 S	79 E	80 H	81 L
82 C	83 J	84 P	85 O	86 T	87 Q	88 G		89 B	90 K	91 R	92 G		93 P	94 Q	95 O	
96 D	97 A	98 N	99 V	100 Q	101 P	102 I	103 K	104 U	105 W	106 R	107 G		108 R	109 M	110 F	111 B
112 W		113 A	114 T	115 M	116 Q	117 R		118 P	119 T	120 N	121 V	122 S	123 G	124 C	125 D	
126 U	127 F	128 C	129 V	130 M	131 S		132 I	133 P	134 J	135 O	136 C	137 H	138 L	139 M	140 F	141 B
	142 C	143 F		144 M	145 L		146 F	147 H	148 D	149 J	150 E	151 O	152 L	153 T	154 G	155 K
	156 T	157 K	158 A		159 Q	160 B	161 J	162 A	163 R	164 U	165 N		166 A	167 S	168 B	
169 O	170 C	171 M	172 D	173 U	174 A		175 L	176 V	177 N	178 A	179 E					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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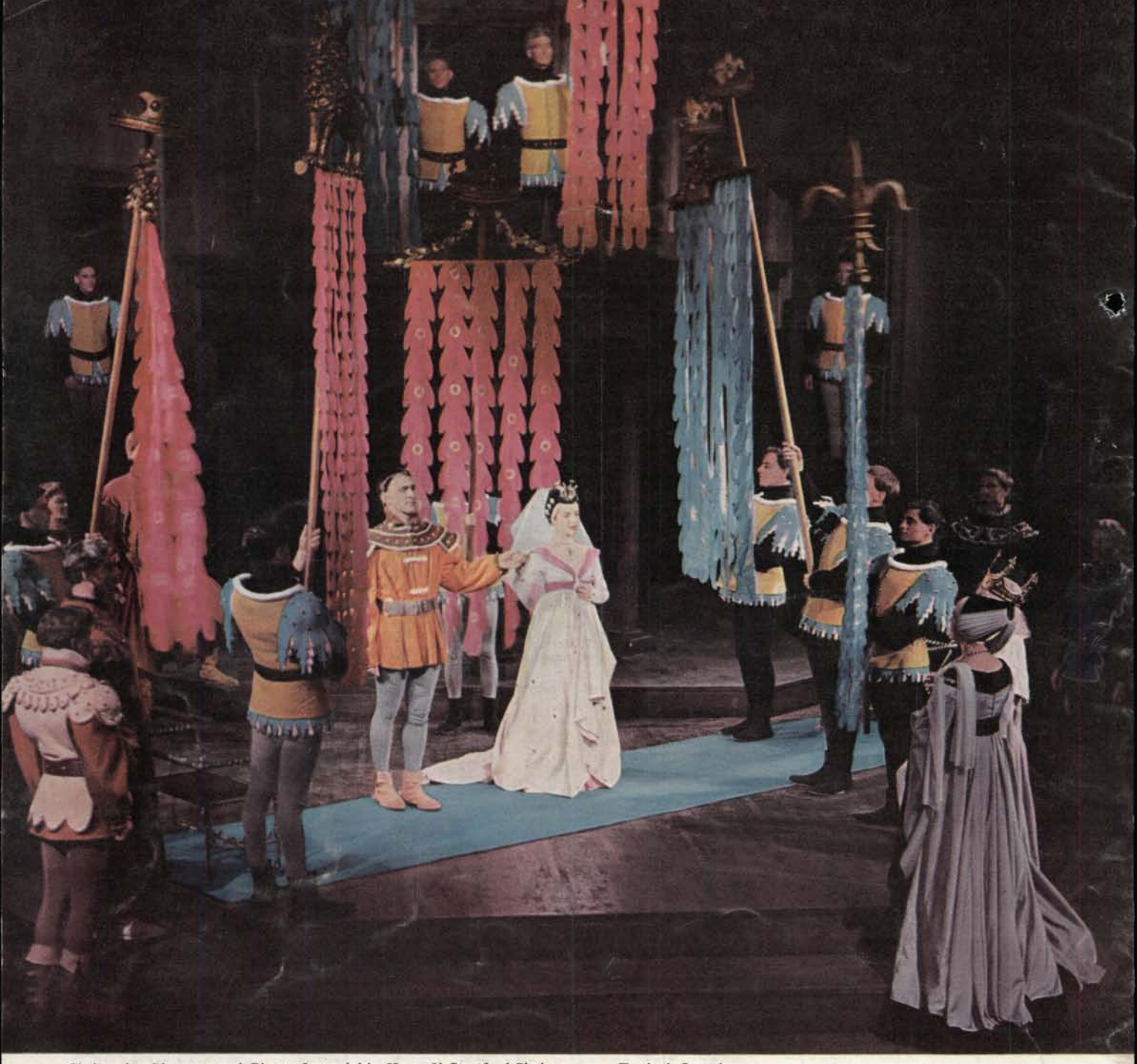

Christopher Plummer and Ginette Letondal in *Henry V*, Stratford Shakespearean Festival, Ontario

CANADA ... *the wonderful world at your doorstep!*

People come from all over the world to see theatre at Stratford, Ontario. Of the Festival's shimmering, brilliant productions, New York Times critic, Howard Taubman wrote, "To one who has looked in on all the Stratfords from time to time, it is unmistakable that Canada's does the best work year in and year out." This year, the Stratford season runs from June 18 until September 29 with productions of *Macbeth*, *The Tempest* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* will be added in July. The company will be headed by Canada's Christopher Plummer, returned from his London triumphs in *Richard III* and *Beckett*. Other noteworthy events: the Vancouver Festival of the Arts (July 16–August 20); the Montreal Festival (August 1–30); the Calgary Stampede (July 9–14) and a premiere event of the summer — the first Dawson City Gold Rush Festival (July 1–August 17). In addition, the scenery is enthralling — often dramatic — and there are always front-row seats. Come north if you want a change of landscape, climate and pace; Canada offers all three in its own handsome, refreshing and leisurely way.

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